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Queen Victoria: 1837—1901.

R. I. P.

Οὐδὲν γὰρ οὕτως ἐστὶ τῷ θεῷ φίλον ὥς τὸ κοινωφελῶς ζῆν.

(St. John Chrysostom in Matt. Hom. lxxvii.)

SELDOM, if ever, has the death of a Sovereign been so deeply or so widely mourned as at the present moment. Of her own subjects it may be said without untruth, that not only to every class among them, but almost to each individual the death of Queen Victoria has come as a personal loss; so fully did she show herself to be the Mother of her people, so truly did her large and tender heart throb in sympathy with their joys and sorrows, hopes and anxieties. Indeed, the crushing weight of her sorrow in the sorrow of those bereaved through the war seems to have caused her death. As regards foreign nations, the universal expression of sympathy which burst forth as soon as her illness became known is the more striking as coming at a time of severe international tension.

When we begin to reflect what we have lost in our late Queen, we have to discriminate her action as a ruler and the example of her life. There was a time when it was supposed that an English Sovereign had no other part in the government of her subjects save to impart a little ceremonial splendour to the functions of official life. It came to be realized how vast must be the experience and influence she had acquired through her intercourse with successive Cabinets during more than half a century, and through her intimate personal relations with nearly every ruling house in Europe, with most of whom she was closely connected by ties of blood or marriage. One so placed, it was felt, had an important power in her hands which she could hardly fail to use in her dealings with her Ministers. Nor was that to be feared, for long experience had taught her subjects that the influence of Queen

Victoria would always be exercised in a strictly constitutional way, and that, strengthened as it was by her soundness of judgment, delicate tact, and singular charm of manner, it was a power capable of rendering invaluable service to the country, in promoting its best interests, in smoothing down the asperities of party conflicts, and particularly in maintaining friendly relations with foreign Powers. And now that she has gone they have the sense that one of the supports has been removed on which the stability of the Empire and the peace of the world rested.

And how much we have owed to the bright example of her life, to the high tone she set to society—to use the term in its broader as well as its narrower sense. The period of her reign has been a most trying time for the cause of religion and morality ; a time during which numbers have been seduced from the worship of the God of their fathers, and from the observance of the wholesome customs which should guard social purity. Still the heart of England has remained sound, and Queen Victoria's sincere and earnest piety, and the spectacle of her simple and blameless life, have not been unimportant among the causes contributing to so happy a result. Again, she has been a true daughter of her age, keenly interested in its wonderful achievements, but above all keenly interested in the serious problems affecting the well-being of whole classes, which its feverish enterprise has brought forth. Later on we shall know more of the part she played behind the scenes in labouring for wise remedial measures, but it has been universally felt, and her occasional public acts have confirmed the persuasion, that the Queen's influence in this connection was that of a sympathetic and generous spirit striving to communicate itself to all who came within her reach.

Queen Victoria was not of our religion, but Catholics had her sympathies for the loyal, uncompromising attachment to their ancient faith which she saw in them and respected. We know, too, how friendly were her relations with Leo XIII., and how cordially she welcomed his envoys on the occasion of her two Jubilees. Stories are told of her fairness and kindness to individual Catholics, but good taste forbids one to repeat what might be hard to authenticate. At any rate, whilst it has been almost entirely during her reign that Catholics have recovered nearly all the liberties of which bigotry had deprived them, the Queen's known character is our confident assurance for believing

that, unlike some of her recent predecessors, she has been with us throughout whilst we have been demanding only what was obviously right and just.

And now that God has called her away, whilst thanking Him for having given us so good a Sovereign for all these years, we shall not fail in that Catholic duty towards her departed soul, which seems to be imposed upon us now as our own peculiar obligation of loyal gratitude. "May she rest in peace," will be the prayer rising upwards from Catholic hearts over and over again during the next few weeks, and constantly during the coming time. May she rest in peace, and may God change her earthly into a heavenly crown.

To her royal house our respectful sympathy is due, in union with that which is being expressed by all classes in the nation, and for our new Sovereign and his consort we invoke God's blessing, that they may be enabled to bear successfully and for the good of their people the heavy burden of responsibility they have assumed, and to carry on faithfully the sound traditions bequeathed to them by their august mother.

*An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.*¹

SPECULATION has been rife as to the origin and authorship of this remarkable book. It presents us with a series of letters written by a girl, or we should rather say a woman, to her betrothed, during the period of their engagement. That engagement was broken off at the last by the man, without any explanation; but, as the short Preface gives us to understand, neither side was to blame, and some deep-lying tragedy, which is unrevealed in the pages before us, contained the key of the mystery. The "Englishwoman" remained faithful to her love through this hardest and most inexplicable of trials, and the final letters of the series were written after the separation, and kept by her until her death, when they were forwarded as a last sad memorial to the one to whom they were addressed.

To a few it has seemed probable that they are a work of art put forth under a veil of mystery; to the greater number they have come with too great force of reality to be classed as pure fiction, and it has been allowed, at most, that foundation of fact has been the basis for further artistic development.

Perhaps the answer matters little, except to satisfy a mere passing curiosity. We hardly know indeed, as we read this tragic history of a human soul, whether we would have it actually true or not. The picture is so terribly vivid; we behold the wounds so fresh and living, the nerves so quivering with intensity of pain, that we would gladly open our eyes as from a terrible nightmare, and say to ourselves "it was but a dream."

But what, after all, were the consolation of so doing when we know too well that, if these letters are not the cry of one particular broken heart, they are the cry of many; that if not grounded on an historic fact, they are still, like a poem or a picture, the representation of a universal human sorrow, the articulate expression of a human love that failed to find its satisfaction on earth, and passed into eternity with a wail of anguish and disappointment.

¹ *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.* London: John Murray.

And it is for this reason, viz., that they are based on what is of all places and all times, that they have irresistibly riveted the attention even of those who would fain consider such matters trivial in the face of the other terrible necessities of life. One reviewer, in spite of his obvious and acknowledged sympathy, almost apologizes for saying so much of what must seem, as he fears, an egotistic affection in a world so full of pressing necessities, of sick and poor and suffering, who cry out on all sides for relief. But surely he might have spared himself such misgivings. The love of humanity and human love are two distinct things, not antagonistic, but different. A man may devote all his time, his brains, and his energy, to relieving the miseries of his kind, and yet his real power of loving may never once have been drawn forth. He has shown pity and kindness and mercy, but not love in the full sense of the word. What he has given to one he would have given equally to another, and he can come heart-whole out of the worst individual disappointments. Personal love, on the contrary, creates a more definite bond, and brings the one who loves into a state of greater dependence. It is not so wide, but more intense and concentrated, it stakes its all on one object, and, if foiled, cannot find compensation in any other. If the love of humanity at large bears some faint resemblance to the love of Christ when He died for the whole world, then the higher form of personal human love may be taken as the shadow of that love by which He died also for each individual soul in it.

Hence to discuss the question whether it be noble to love one so much when many are in want, is to compare two totally different affections. And, for the rest, numbers have nothing to do with it. There is but one heart to give, and love is the giving of it, whether the term be one or several. And it were surely the most ignoble application of commercial principles to higher things, to argue that it is too much to give all to one—that the treasure of love must be diffused, or else it is wasted. As well might we blame the man who exposes his life in a rushing torrent to save one drowning child—he has but one life and he gives it when called on to do so—that is what is asked of him; and so, having one heart, we are to give it, that is what is asked of us.

And just herein lies the tragedy which is so painfully enacted in these burning letters. There was but one heart, and it was given with such utter completeness that it could no

longer be returned living to its owner, indeed, the owner was no longer capable of receiving it. Nor is the tragedy confined to the latter part of the history, when the cloud of separation had settled down between the loving and the loved; it is not a tale that begins in mirth and ends in sorrow, but, to one who understands the theme, it is, from the beginning, an extreme of joy that must touch and meet an extreme of pain, a laughter that is certain to be drowned in weeping. For in proportion to our fulness of life is likewise our possibility of pain, and vulnerability is the reverse side of love, whether it be of God or of man. The tenderest hand cannot avoid giving pain if it be placed on an open wound, and when the heart is laid bare it is just the one who holds it who can, by even the most delicate touch, inflict the most exquisite suffering.

And thus, from the first letter, written in secret to the beloved, and locked into her desk before he ever guessed her affection or returned it, to the last agonized utterances of her wounded spirit, the note of tragedy can be detected, faint but distinct, swelling ever in fulness and intensity, till it ends with the snap of a broken string.

Please come true now [she writes, as to a fairy prince, when the love had first taken root in her heart], for mine and for all the world's sake: but for mine especially, because I thought of you first! And if you are not able to come true, don't make me see you any more. I shall always remember you, and be glad that I have seen you just once.¹

And again:

Dear Prince Wonderful,—*Has* God blessed you yet and made you come true? I have not seen you again, so how am I to know? Not that it is necessary for me to know even if you do come true. I believe already that you are true.

If I were never able to see you again, I should be glad to think of you as living, and shall always be your friend. I pray that you may come to know that.

I could write at once if I knew you were my friend. Come true for me: I will have so much to tell you then.²

And then later, when the "Prince" had indeed come true, when her love was returned, and life lay radiant before her, in spite of all, the theme still holds the strain of sorrow.

¹ P. 88.

² P. 87.

You and I looking up see the same sun if there are no clouds over us : but we may not be looking at the same clouds even when both our hearts are in shadow. That is so, even when hearts are so close together as yours and mine ; they respond to the same light ; but each one has its own roof of shadow, wearing its rue with a world of difference.

Why is it ? Why can no two of us have sorrows quite in common ? What can be nearer together than our wills to be one ? In joy we are ; and yet, though I reach and reach, and sadden if you are sad, I cannot make your sorrow my own. . . .

How it puzzles me that, when love is perfect, there should be disappearances and reappearances : and faces now and then showing a change ! You, actually, the last day you came, looking a day older than the day before ! What was it ? Had old age blown you a kiss or given you a wrinkle in the art of dying ? Or had you turned over some new leaf, and found it withered on the other side ?¹

And this :

My happiness reaches to the clouds—that is, to where things are not quite clear at present. I love you no more than I ought : yet far more than I can name.²

And, last of all, when the cruel blow has fallen, when she is left desolate without being able so much as to guess the hidden reason, then the strain of suffering, that was there from the beginning, prevails over all the rest, and we listen, overawed and silent, to the cry of the stricken heart. And yet, as joy at the beginning was not all joy, but contained an admixture of grief, so pain at the end is not all pain, but holds on still to a thread of trust and happiness ; so that we close the book sad, but hopeful that, as joy passed into sorrow, so the latter may likewise have undergone transformation in a life which is not too narrow to hold things great, not too feeble to endure things intense. So that, after all, the pain was not of the nature of the love itself, but merely a result of its contraction in time and space.

Dearest [she writes, after the separation], I trust you ; I could not have dreamed you to myself, therefore you must be true, quite independently of me. You, as I saw you once with open eyes, remain so for ever. You cannot make yourself, Beloved, not to be what you are : you have called my soul to life if for no other reason than to bear witness of you, come what may. No length of silence can make a truth once sounded ever cease to be : borne away out of our hearing it makes its way to the stars : dispersed or removed, it cannot be lost.

¹ Pp. 33, 34.

² P. 65.

I too, for truth's sake, may have to be dispersed out of my present self which shuts me from you : but I shall find you some day. . . .

Because I am suffering, you shall not think I am entirely miserable. But here and now I am all unfinished ends. Desperately I need faith at times to tell me that each shoot of pain has a point at which it assuages itself and becomes healing : that pain is not endurance wasted ; but that I and my weary body have a goal which will give a meaning to all this, somehow, somewhere—never, I begin to fear, here, while this body has charge of me.

Dearest, I lay my heart down on yours and cry : and having worn myself out with it and ended, I kiss your lips and bless God that I have known you.¹

This is enough to explain our meaning. A love such as this was necessarily tragic from beginning to end ; it had in it all the elements of tragedy, because it was above and beyond the conditions of ordinary human life. Even had the dread blow never fallen, it carried within itself the seed of its own sorrow, and must eventually have fallen from its high estate, or endured crucifixion by reason of its very nobility ; and the latter were surely the less really sad ending of the two.

To some it will perhaps seem that such a love is almost pagan, and that it ends in suffering chiefly because it is the misdirection of a faculty given us for a higher end. But, even though there be some truth in this supposition, we have good reason to be careful in its application when we hear what the saints have to tell us of the tragedy of Divine love also. St. Teresa was not directing her love downwards when she spoke of the wounds inflicted by the Beauty that exceeded all other beauties ; nor St. John of the Cross, when he exclaimed : "Oh, who can heal me?" nor the many others when life became to them an agony, and death the only possible ending of their pain. Here again, it was a love that transcended the capabilities of this life, and that, whether it turned itself within or without, above or below, must ever have found the Cross. If there be therefore a strain of paganism through these letters, it would be false to assume that this was what brought down the pain and chastisement ; just as it would also be still false to suppose that it was the greatness and intensity of the love that made it pagan. It is more than probable, on the contrary, that it kindled in the soul of its subject more faith and religion than had ever been there before, that it opened, indeed, one of the

¹ P. 303.

gates of eternity. This was, in fact, an *anima naturaliter christiana*, but deprived of Christian training and helps. Seeds had been sown in babyhood, but left afterwards to themselves, and such religion as there was flourished rather in virtue of the richness of the soil, than of any positive care and cultivation. Thus human love became the channel into which all the religious instincts rushed, and the garden in which the highest and holiest virtues blossomed. Did the gardener, the "unknown God," perhaps, gather them for His own, though they had not been immediately offered Him, because He knew well that He alone could appreciate their perfect loveliness? and that they therefore bore imprinted in their very essence His name as that of the one for whom they were ultimately destined? For "we needs must love the highest when we know it," and though our Maker cannot grudge His own creatures the share of worship and love that falls to their lot, He can nevertheless gather to Himself the overflow which were wasted unless He received it, and take back to Himself the gifts of which He was the origin.

But there is a further sense in which the love depicted in these burning pages became the outlet of religious instincts and aspirations. For, as we shall never sufficiently realize, it is in our relations to man that we find the best guidance to our relations with God, and *vice versa*; and thus, as all the natural virtues can be divinized by grace when consecrated to the love of God, so the supernatural virtues play their part in the highest and holiest love of man, or at least are represented by something analogous. And it is precisely when human love outsteps its natural boundaries, and, passing from the finite to the infinite, calls from that which is immortal in the lover to that which is immortal in the beloved, that the element of pathos enters, and sorrow starts on her way to meet joy.

I suppose sorrow is of the earth earthy: and all that is of earth makes division. Every joy that belongs to the body casts shadows somewhere. I wonder if there can enter into us a joy that has no shadow anywhere? The joy of having you has behind it the shadow of parting; is there any way of loving that would make parting no sorrow at all?¹

For it is no longer the visible, the palpable, the intelligible that is the object of love, but the deeper, underlying reality,

¹ P. 33.

which can be neither seen, nor heard, nor felt, whether by the senses or the intelligence. The great struggle is taking place, and knowledge 'is passing into faith in the natural, as it has to do in the supernatural order.

"I believe in one God, Maker of Heaven and earth, of things visible and invisible." We all lisp these words in childhood, when visible and invisible are almost indistinguishable, when the latter are easier of apprehension than the former, when the wings of the angels seem to brush us as they pass, and all the court of Heaven are familiar objects to our imagination. For the child believes almost more easily in what he cannot see than in what he can. The invisible realities proposed to his mind take instant form in his imagination, and seem nearer to him and more friendly than the great corporeal world which he so little understands. The inhabitants of Heaven are as close and present as those of earth; almost more so, because they cannot perplex his ignorance in the same way. With some this faith of childhood remains almost unchanged to the end, and we hear those blessed, who are dying in the Lord, speak as simply of their future as of their present; they take messages to the next world, they picture to themselves its homely joys as they would those of a glorified earth: they are not afraid of the change, because they hardly think it one, but rather regard it as an unlimited improvement of present circumstances. Blessed are they indeed, and greatly to be envied! Having had a peaceful life in this world, they are going to enjoy a happy one in the next. They have worn their fetters lightly, they have not dragged on the leash, they have taken what they could absorb without distress and meekly left the remainder, hardly even knowing that there was a remainder. They have accepted what came to them in their own day, and waited patiently for what was to come; the setting of this world and the rise of the next have formed a mingled light by which they contentedly guided their steps.

But with others life is a process of doing and undoing, learning and unlearning, a continual passing from light to darkness, and from darkness again to light. Thus towards the close of life we may class men roughly under two categories, the believers in the visible, and the believers in the invisible. Nor do we mean by this that some men love God and others the world, but rather that some men love what we may call a visible, and others an invisible God; some men a visible, and

others an invisible world, whether present or future. It is, in fact, the broad distinction between faith and knowledge—between those who see and those who believe.

And, paradoxical as it may sound, we should, on the whole, class the simple-minded believer, of whom we have just spoken, rather amongst the men of knowledge than the men of faith. Obviously we are now using the word faith in its popular and ordinary, not its theological sense; as describing the belief with which we hold to things unseen as contrasted with the evident knowledge of what comes within the scope of our senses and reason. And, taken according to this meaning, those of whom we speak may be said to have knowledge rather than faith, because their God is to them a visible God. He lives in their imagination, or so much of Him as can take form in it; the rest is left out altogether until the time of fuller revelation arrive. Therefore, their spiritual life runs smoothly onwards. They get, during its course, to know a little more of the great truths of their religion, but simply by way of addition, not by way of transformation. Thus the demand on faith does not become daily more imperative and exorbitant, as it does in the case of those to whom life brings a change rather in the aspect and contents of truth than in its amount.

This same difference which exists between the man of knowledge and the man of faith in religion, *i.e.*, between the ordinary, practical believer and the mystic, is to be found also between the man of science and the poet in regard to nature; between the statistician and philosopher in regard to history. Not that we must fall into the childish extreme of supposing that the two classes are separated by a positive barrier—we cannot be human unless both elements enter into our composition—no man can be ever so faintly religious without a substratum of mysticism; no man can be mystical without casting the inner force into an outer mould. The distinction is based, not on the exclusive possession, but on the predominance of one or the other character. But this is sufficient to make the difference very real and patent; a difference which is merely embryonic at the commencement, but which becomes gradually more developed and accentuated in the process of life, though, like all other growths, liable to be thwarted and crossed by opposing tendencies.

Hence the spiritual life of those most spiritually alive resolves itself into a two-fold struggle, whereof the first element

is the wrestling of the mind to believe what it cannot see ; the second the straining of the heart to love what it cannot hold. And the same battle has to be waged in the higher regions of human love, where again it is not what the eyes can see, what the hands can touch, what the intellect can comprehend, that is the real object of love ; but that deeper, unending reality which constitutes the true personality of the beloved. Thus the sense of mystery becomes part of true love, and with it the sense of fear and loneliness, of groping after that which cannot be wholly comprehended, of passing from the light of knowledge into the darkness of faith.

Is it not strange [we read again], how often to test our happiness we harp on sorrow? I do: don't let it weary you. I know I have read somewhere that great love entails pain. I have not found it yet: but, for me, it does mean fear,—the sort of fear I had as a child going into big buildings. I loved them: but I feared, because of their bigness, they were likely to tumble on me.¹

And this is why man's love for man, increasing in height and depth and intensity, begins to seek God, for it has laid hold of what, in man, is most hidden, and also most divine; just as man's love for God, if it flag and lessen, begins to seek man, not with, but apart from his Maker; for, in either case, the love that grows stronger breaks through the visible to the invisible, while, as it wearies, it creeps back to the lesser, the more definite, the visible. Thus human love may lead on to Divine, or may fall back into that which is lower and more sensual; in so far as it either resigns itself to be a love grounded on faith, or, revolting from the suffering which this demands, seeks the smaller which may be known, rather than the greater which calls more for belief and trust.

Hence it is not more than we ought to have expected if we find that, after having made up our mind to sacrifice the visible for the invisible, the tangible for the intangible, to walk through the realm of mystery and fix our hearts on the unseen, instinctive longings still break forth, and we begin once more to sigh after the earthly, the limited, the comprehensible. How we envy then the clear, plain knowledge of the man who has satisfied himself with outer things, while we were struggling for the knowledge that lies behind the veil. This crisis is the exact reverse of the one previously traversed, in which the mind

¹ P. 27.

endeavoured to burst the bonds of visibility ; in which it became dimly conscious of the deep underlying reality in all things and was ready to fling away all surface knowledge in order to penetrate to that which lies beneath. Willingly it renounced then the firmer, clearer possession of a small income, to reach the hidden treasure and capital which it knew well it could never entirely grasp. Sometimes, for an instant, the door seemed to open, and a glimpse of the beyond was vouchsafed—then all the being palpitated with yearning and hope, and the pilgrim soul gained courage for another long stretch of darkness, when the “shades of the prison house” once more closed around it. But now it is a contrary longing, and a different pain. The poor soul feels lonely and astray ; the world into which it has wandered may be vast and glorious, but it is also dim and strange, The homely earth was best after all, its riches were all for us. we could take them without losing ourselves, and we begin to long for the prison walls that we broke through with so much effort. And the struggle between faith and doubt in the mind is accompanied by a corresponding battle in the affections ; the intellect is crying out for something clearer, the heart for something nearer, and neither would refuse to be gratified at the cost of sacrificing the greater for the less.

How wonderfully the fierce contest is presented in Wagner's great opera *Tannhauser*, the wrestle between warm, living passion, which “makes, not follows, precedent,” and the persistent, monotonous, distant call from another world, in which sense and feeling are second, not first. And when at last the hymn of the pilgrims prevails over the wild song of Venus, and the tumult of passion subsides, does it not seem at first as though the victory of principle had been purchased at the price of intensity, and fervour had been defeated by perseverance ? Where, it may be asked, are we to find in the asceticism of the spiritual life what will supply for the vigour and impetuosity of passion, which bursts through every obstacle to the attainment of its ends, and seizes on its object with a grip compared with which the clearest intellectual apprehension is lifeless ?

And the answer to this difficulty can only be found by studying what is highest, not only in Divine, but also in human love. For “a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a Heaven for.” And it is just herein that the tragedy of life consists, viz., that we can only really lay hold of what is not worth holding, and that as passion relinquishes the fierceness of its grip,

which deceived us for a while, we find that it had never really grasped the best for which we were yearning. And thus, pathetic as is the story, whether a work of fact or of art, depicted in these pages, we lay it down with the sense that its end was not essentially more tragic than its beginning; it was the love of faith and not of knowledge; the love of the hidden and the highest, not of the outer and the less; it was a love doomed from the outset to agonize and suffer, for most truly does she write towards the end:

Joy is never so much a possession—it goes over us, encloses us like air or sunlight; but sorrow goes into us and becomes part of our flesh and bone.¹

And therefore it remained faithful unto death, faithful through misunderstanding and darkness, pure and constant and entire, till it passed to the only place where perfect love can exist with perfect joy. And mingled with the last cry of sorrow we catch a strain of triumph, the exultation of a love stronger than death, which all the waters had not been able to quench:

Now I can no longer hold together: but it is my body, not my love that has failed.²

M. D. PETRE.

¹ P. 311.

² P. 322.

The Trinity at Trinity.

"CAN any good come out of Trinity?" is a question that has been asked and answered in various senses during the recent Catholic University controversies in Ireland; but for whatever other good Catholics might look to that staunchly Elizabethan institution, they would scarcely turn thither for theological guidance. Yet all definition is negative as well as positive; exclusive as well as inclusive; and we always know our position more deeply and accurately in the measure that we comprehend those other positions to which it is opposed. The educative value of comparing notes, quite apart from all prospect of coming to an agreement, or even of slaying our adversaries alive, is simply inestimable; we do not rightly know where we stand, except in so far as we know where others stand—for place is relative.

The Donnellan Lecturer for 1897-8¹ took for his subject the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity in relation to contemporary idealistic philosophy. The scope of these lectures is, not to prove the doctrine of the Trinity philosophically, but to show that the difficulty besetting the conception of a multiplicity of persons united by a superpersonal bond, is just the same difficulty that brings idealistic philosophy to a deadlock when it endeavours (1) to escape from solipsism, (2) to vindicate free-will, (3) to solve the problem of evil. He naturally speaks of Idealism as "the only philosophy which can now be truly called living," in the sense in which a language is said to live; that is, which is growing and changing, and endeavouring to bring new tracts of experience under its synthesis; which is current in universities of the day. Of the Realism which survives in the seminaries of the ecclesiastical world he naturally knows nothing; addressing himself to a wholly different public, he speaks to it on its own assumptions, in its own mental language; and indeed

¹ *Idealism and Theology*. By Charles D'Arcy, B.D. Hodder and Stoughton, 1900.

he knows no other. But having weighed idealism in the balance of criticism, he finds it far short of its pretensions to be an adequate accounting for the data of experience; he finds that it leads the mind in all directions to impassible chasms which only faith can overleap. It does not demand or suggest the mystery of the Trinity, but reveals a void which as a fact that doctrine alone does fill.

The convinced Realist will not be very interested about the problem of solipsism which for him is non-existent, but the proposed relief from the difficulties of free-will and of the existence of evil may be grateful to all indifferently; or at least may suggest principles adaptable to other systems. In his Trinitarian theology Mr. D'Arcy is in many points at variance with the later conclusions of the schools; and in some instances his argument depends vitally on this variance; but not in the main. For his main point is that as our own personality—the highest unity of which we have experience—takes under itself unities of a lower grade; so the doctrine of the Trinity implies what the hiatuses of philosophy require, namely, that personal unity is not the highest; that, beyond any power of our present conception, the personally many can be really (not only morally or socially) *one thing*. "A wonderfully unspeakable thing it is," says Augustine,¹ "and unspeakably wonderful that whereas this image of the Trinity" (*sc.*, the human soul), "is one person, and the sovereign Trinity itself, three persons, yet that Trinity of three persons is more inseparable than this trinity" (memory, understanding, and will) "of one person." This "superpersonal" unity is of course a matter of faith and not of philosophy, yet it is a faith without which subjective philosophy must come to a standstill; it is as much a postulate of the speculative reason as God and immortality are of the practical reason.

"If man is to retain the full endowment of his moral nature, we must make up our minds to accept for ourselves an incomplete theory of things."² A philosophy which should unify the sum-total of human experience, including the supernatural facts of Christianity, is impossible; but even excluding these facts there is always need of some kind of non-rational assent, which, however reasonable and prudent in the very interests of thought, is not necessitated by

¹ Quoted on p. 232.

² P. 107.

the laws of thought—is not, in the strictest sense philosophical. Idealism, like other philosophies, “is not satisfied with an imperfect knowledge of the greatest things. It must rise to the Divine standpoint and comprehend the concrete universal,”¹ and so, of course, it breaks down. “But it would surely be a hasty inference,” says Mr. D’Arcy, “that philosophy must needs be exhausted because idealism has done its work and delivered its message to mankind,”² that is, has explored another blind alley, and has arrived at the *cul de sac*. In fact, if idealism is a living philosophy, it is nevertheless showing signs of age and decay. Ptolemaic astronomy, as an explanation of planetary movements, proved its exhaustion by a liberal recourse to epicycles as the answer to all awkward objections; and philosophies show themselves moribund in an analogous way, by a monotonous pressing of some one hackneyed principle to a degree that makes common-sense revolt and fling the whole theory to the winds—chaff and grain indiscriminately. But philosophy must be distinguished from philosophies, as religion from religions. The imperfection of the various concrete attempts to satisfy either spiritual need, may make the desperate-minded wish to cut themselves free from all connection with any particular system; but the desire and effort to have a knowledge of the whole (*i.e.*, a philosophy) is as natural and ineradicable as the desire to live and breathe. In this general sense, philosophy “takes human experience, sets it out in all its main elements, and then endeavours to form a plan of systematic thought which will account for the whole. It has one fundamental postulate, that there is a meaning, or, in other words, that there is an all-pervading unity.”³ This “faith” in the ultimate coherence and unity of everything is the presupposition and motive of the very attempt to philosophize or to determine the nature of that unity. It is not, therefore, itself a product of philosophy; it is an innate conviction that can be denied only from the teeth outwards, but can neither be proved nor disproved by the finite mind.

To “explain” is in one way or another to liken the less known to what is better known; and thus every philosophy is an attempt to express—by means of sundry extensions and limitations—the universe of our experience in the terms of some totality with which we are more familiar; plainly, it is also

¹ P. 85.

² P. 85.

³ P. 84.

an endeavour to express the greater in terms of the less, and must therefore be almost infinitely inadequate even at the best. At one time the Whole has been conceived as the unity of a mere aggregate—of a heap of stones ; at another, as a mere sand-storm of fortuitous atoms ; there has been the egg-theory, and the tortoise-theory, and many others, no less grotesque to our seeming. But, leaving fanciful and poetical philosophies aside, and considering only those which pretend to be strictly rational, we find the objective philosophy and the subjective confronting one another ; the former likening the universe to the works of men's hands ; the latter likening it to man himself ; the former taking its metaphors from the artificer shaping his material according to a preconceived plan for a definite purpose ; the latter, from the thinking and willing self considered as the creator of its own personal experience.

There is enough uniformity of plan throughout the animal body to make any one part of the organism a likeness of the whole—the eye, the heart, or the hand. And so, presumably, there is hardly any unity we can think of in our own little corner of experience that does not offer some similitude of the universal unity. But to take this as an adequate explanation ; to force the metaphor to its last logical consequences, to the exclusion of every other reasonable though non-rational assent, is the commonest but most fatal form of intellectual "provincialism" and narrowness. Our mind is essentially limited not merely in that it cannot know everything, but in that its mode of knowledge is imperfect and analogical in regard to all that is greater than itself. It is broad only when conscious of its narrowness.

The first difficulty into which idealism gets itself is that of solipsism. According to its rigidly argued principles, "mind is separated from mind by a barrier which is, not figuratively, but literally impassable. It is impossible for any *ego* to leap this barrier and enter into the experience of any other *ego*." It is not an abstract self-in-general, but my one solitary concrete self for which all experience exists. There is no room for any other person. But this philosophy does not account for our common-sense belief in nature as existing independently of self and of other self ; or in those other selfs with their several and distinct spheres of experience.

The unification it effects when treated rigorously as a complete philosophy leaves out of account the best part of what it

was bound to account for. In spite of idealism, the idealist goes on *believing* in other persons or spheres of experience, and in nature as the experience of a Divine Person. But since, on his principles, persons are mutually exclusive, and none can enter the sphere of another's experience, to see with his eyes, or to feel with his nerves, since

Each in his hidden sphere of joy and woe
Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart,

we are thrown back on a disconnected plurality of beings, and God Himself, viewed as personal (in this sense) is but one among many. Albeit immeasurably the greatest, He cannot be regarded as the ground of the possibility and existence of all the rest—the home and bond of union of all other spirits which in Him live and move and have their being.

The belief in the personality of God is all-essential for the satisfaction of our religious cravings, as a presupposition of trust, love, prayer, obedience, and such relationships; as bringing out the transcendence in contrast with the all-pervading immanence of the deity; as checking the pantheistic perversion of this latter truth by which, in turn, its own deistic perversion is checked. God is not only in and through all things; but also outside and above all things; just as Christ is not only the soul of the Church, but also its Head and Ruler. Between these two compensating statements the exact truth is hidden from our eyes.

But it is not to the conception of the Divine personality and separateness that we are to look for the missing bond by which the head and members are to be knit together, and the essential disconnection of these "spheres of experience" overcome. The ultimate unity is a mystery; in a word, philosophy, as a quest of that unity, breaks down. The solution is suggested only by the revelation of a superpersonal unity in some sense prior to the multiplicity of Divine Persons, a unity in which they being many are one, and in which we too are, not merged, but unified without prejudice to our personal distinctness.

Hence, the writer concludes: "Materialism, when its defect is discovered and understood, points on to idealism. Idealism, when its defect is disclosed, points to Christian theism."¹ For those who have not come to Christian theism by this thorny and circuitous path, the mode in which the idealist

¹ P. 93.

extricates himself from his self-wrought entanglement may seem of little interest; but inasmuch as they take for granted the existence of that same multitude of mutually impenetrable personalities which he, by a revolt of his common-sense against his philosophy is forced to confess, the problem of the ultimate unity exists for them also.

If in its endeavour to vindicate the spirituality of man against the materialist, idealism tumbles into the slough of solipsism and needs to be fetched out by the doctrine of the Trinity, it fares much the same way in its attempted defence of free-will against necessity. That freedom from determination by the "not-self" which idealism vindicates, can belong only to the all-inclusive spirit, outside whose self nothing exists; it belongs to me only on the supposition that I am the all-inclusive; and this, as before, is the point at which common-sense revolts. "Free-will is based on man's consciousness of his moral nature. It represents not any speculative theory, but one of the great facts which every theory of things must explain or perish."¹ If we ascribe freedom to the Absolute and to other spirits (whose existence is forced on us in spite of Idealism), it is because we first find it in ourselves as the very essence of our spiritual nature. But if we accept our freedom as a fact which it is the business of philosophy to explain and not to deny; on just the same testimony we must accept the fact of the manifold limitations of our liberty of which we are continually conscious. Now here it is that the Idealist defence of liberty against materialism fails by a deplorable *nimis probat*. It can only save our liberty by denying our limitations; or at least it leaves us facing a problem which can be solved only by an assumption for which Idealism offers no philosophical warrant. Hence we are brought back to the world-old dilemma "between a freedom of God which annihilates man, and a freedom of man which annihilates God."² Idealism has really contributed nothing to the solution of the difficulty which is persistent as long as God is known only as a Sovereign and Infinite Personality among a multitude of finite personalities, and until revelation hints at the possibility of a higher "unity which transcends personality, by which He is to be the reconciling principle and home of the multitude of self-determining agents."³ "Final reconciliation of the Divine and human personality is in fact beyond us."⁴

¹ P. 107.² P. 103.³ P. 105.⁴ P. 171.

Similarly, in dealing with problems of moral evil, Idealism leads to an *impasse*. As long as we keep to the notion of one all-inclusive Spirit, the Subject of universal experience, it is easy to show that sin is but relatively evil, that it is, when viewed absolutely, as much a factor of the universal life as is righteousness; yet surely this is not to account for so large and obstinate a part of our experience, but to deny it. Nor can the ethical corollaries of such a view be tolerated for a moment. That sin is an absolute, eternal, in some sense, irreparable evil is a conception altogether fundamental to that morality with which Christianity and modern civilization have identified themselves. It is but another aspect of the doctrine of freedom and responsibility. Of physical and necessary evil it is possible to assert the merely negative or relative character; we can view it as the good in process of making; or as the good imperfectly comprehended; but if this optimism be extended to sin it can only be because sin is regarded as necessitated, *i.e.*, as no longer sin. Hence the view in question does not account for, but implicitly denies the existence of sin. Furthermore, the whole tendency of more recent idealism is to explain moral evil as an offence against man's social nature by which he is a member of an organism or community. It is the undue self-assertion of the part against the interests of the whole. Of course the idealist explains this organic conception with a respect for personality which is absent from socialistic and evolutionary doctrines of society. But the notion of sin as a rebellion of one member against all, is common to both. The latter consider the external life and activity of the unit as an element in the collective external life of the community—as part of a common work; the former considers the unity as a free spiritual agency, an end for itself—whose liberty is curtailed only by the claims of other like agencies, equal or greater. But by what process, apart from faith and practical postulates and regulative ideas, can subjectivism pass to belief in other free agencies outside the thinking and all-creating self? The result of Mr. D'Arcy's criticism of the matter is that "it is because the man exists as a member of a spiritual universe, and must therefore so exert his power of self-determination as to be in harmony or discord with God above him, and with other men around him, that the distinction between the good self and the bad self arises. But in this very conception of a universe of spirits we have passed beyond the bounds of a purely rational philosophy. Such a

universe is not explicable by reference to the vivifying principle of the self;"¹ and accordingly we are driven back as before upon the alternative of philosophical chaos, or else of faith in such a superpersonal unity as is suggested by the doctrine of the Trinity.

We have but hinted at the barest outlines of Mr. D'Arcy's argument which, as against Idealism, is close-reasoned and subtle; and now we have left but little space to deal with the more really interesting chapter on the "Ultimate Unity." It is not pretended that we can form any conception of the precise nature of that unity, but merely that some such unknown kind of unity is needed to deliver us from the antinomies of thought. As we could never rise to the intrinsic conception of personal unity from the consideration of some lower unity, material or mechanical; so neither can we pass from the notion of personal to that of superpersonal unity or being.

This is only a modern and Hegelian setting of the truth that "being" and "unity" are said analogously and not univocally of God and creatures. That there are grades of reality; that "substance is more real than quality, and subject is more real than substance," that "the most real of all is the concrete totality, the all-inclusive universal"—the *Eus determinatissimum*, is not a modern discovery, but a re-discovery. That our own personality is the highest unity of which we have any proper non-analogous notion; that it is the measure by which we spontaneously try to explain to ourselves other unities, higher or lower, by means of extensions or limitations; that our first impulse, prior to correction, is to conceive everything self-wise, be it super-human or infra-human, is of course profoundly true; but for this reason to make "self" the all-explaining and only category, to deny any higher order of reality because we can have no definite conception of its precise nature, is the narrowness which has brought Idealism into such difficulties. It is probably in his notion of Divine personality that Mr. D'Arcy comes most in conflict with the technicalities of later schools. If, as he says, modern theology oscillates between the poles of Sabellianism and Tritheism, he himself inclines to the latter pole. Father de Régnon, S.J., in his work on the Trinity, shows that the Greek Fathers and the Latin viewed the problem from opposite ends. "How three can be one," was the problem with the former; "How one can be three,"

¹ P. 182.

with the latter. These inclined to an emptier, those a fuller notion of personality. Mr. D'Arcy's Trinitarianism is decidedly more Greek than Latin. The more "content" he gives to Divine personality, the more he is in danger of denying identity of nature and operation ; as appears later.

Plainly, the word "person," however analogously applied to God, must contain something of what we mean when we call ourselves "persons," else "we are landed in the unmeaning." When Christ spoke of Himself as "I," the selfness implied by the pronoun must have had some kind of resemblance to our own ; just as when He called God His Father He intended to convey something of what fatherhood meant for His then hearers. That He intended to convey what it might come to mean in other conditions and ages seems very doubtful ; and so if the word "person" has acquired a fuller and different meaning in modern philosophy, we are not at once justified in applying this fuller conception to the Divine persons, unless we can show that it is a legitimate development of the older sense.

He argues that if the Trinity be the ultimate truth, the Unitarian suppositions and conclusions of the "natural theologian" are bound to lead to antinomies and confusions ; and he sees in those harmonious interferences and variations of universal import (which are no less an essential factor in the evolution of the world than the groundwork of uniformity and law), evidence of a multi-personal Divine government, of a division of labour between co-operant agencies. This, of course, goes beyond the doctrine of "appropriation;" and amounts to a denial of the singleness of the Divine operation *ad extra*. It seems, in short, to imply a diversity of nature in each of the persons, over and above the principle of personal distinctness. Indeed, while it offers a plausible solution of some minor perplexities, it rather weakens the value of the general argument. For the notion of a super-personal unity is needed chiefly as suggesting a mode in which many mutually exclusive personalities or "spheres of experience" or lives, may be welded together into a coherent whole. Even could I reproduce most exactly in myself the thoughts and feelings of another, it were but a reproduction or similarity. I can know and feel the like ; but I cannot know his knowing, and feel his feeling ; for this were to be that other and not myself.

That God's knowledge of our thoughts and feelings should be of this external, inferential kind is as intolerable to our

mental needs of unification as it is to our religious sense, our hope, our confidence, our love. In Him we live and move and think, and feel; and He in us. That we can say this of no other personality is what constitutes the burden of our separateness and loneliness. Our experience exists for no other; but at least it is in some mysterious way shared by That which lies behind all otherness, not destroying, but fulfilling. "We know not why it is," says St. Catherine of Genoa, "we feel an internal necessity of using the plural pronoun instead of the singular." Perhaps it was that she saw in a purer and clearer light what we only half feel in the obscurity of our grosser hearts.

But if God knows our knowing, and feels our feeling, not merely by a similitude but in itself, it is not because He is transcendent and "personal," as we understand the word, but because He is immanent and "superpersonal," whatever that may mean. But it is just because revelation tells us that in God there are three selves or Egos, for each of whom the experience (*i.e.*, the thought, love, and action) of the other two exists, not merely similar, but one and the same—the same thinking, loving, and doing, no less than the same thought, love, and deed—that we can believe in the possibility of our own personal separateness being at once preserved and overcome in that mysterious unity.

That God is love; and that love, which as an affection, produces an affective unity between separate persons, can as the subsistent and primal unity produce a substantial and ineffable union of which the other is a shadow, is a view towards which revelation points. That the mere affection of love, the moral union of wills, is an insufficient unification of personalities is implied by the fact that love always tends to some sort of real union and communication; and still more, that it springs from a sense of inexplicable identity.

It is almost a crime in criticism to deal with such a multitude of deep problems in so brief and hasty an article. But if we have roughly indicated the main outlines of the author's position, we shall have done as much as can be reasonably expected of us; though it is with great reluctance that we pass over many other points, and even whole chapters, bristling with interest.

Perhaps the most important feature of the book is the prominence it gives to the difficulties and insufficiencies of idealism. With those of realism we are all familiar enough, but

so far, idealism has been looked at one-sidedly as evading, if not solving, some of the antinomies of the earlier philosophy, while its own embarrassments have been condoned in hopes of future solution. The solution has not come, and now the hopes are dead or dying. What we need is a higher synthesis, if such be possible for the human mind, or else a frank admission that faith, in some sense or other, is a necessary complement of every philosophy. One thing is clear, that reconciliation can be effected, if at all, only by a fair-minded admission of difficulties inseparable from either system, and by a conscientious criticism of pre-suppositions. No one can deal effectually with the idealist position to whom it is simply "absurd" or "ridiculous;" who has not been to some degree intellectually entangled in it; whose realism is not more or less of an effort. Else he is dealing with some man of straw of his own fancy, and will be found, as so often happens, assuming the truth of realism in every argument he brings forward. Plainly the best minds of modern times have not been victimized by a fallacy within the competence of a school-boy. And a like intellectual self-denial is needed on the part of the idealist, who is apt to dismiss all realism as crude, uncritical, or barbaric. We have all our antinomies, our blind alleys, our crudities; and we have all to fill up awkward interstices with assumptions and postulates.

However much we may dissent from Mr. D'Arcy's theology in certain details; however little we personally may labour under the difficulties of idealism, we cannot too strongly commend the endeavour to meet the modern mind on its own platform; to speak to the cultivated in their own language. Belief is caused by the wish to believe; but it is conditioned by the removal of intellectual obstacles, different for different grades of intelligence and education. To create the "wish to believe" is largely a matter of example, of letting Christianity appear attractive and desirable, and correspondent to the deeper needs of the soul. It is also to some extent a work of exposition. But when this all-important wish has been created, the intellect can hinder its effect. It is much to know and feel that Christianity is good and useful and beautiful; "But some time or other the question must be asked: *Is it true?*"¹ And to liberate the will by satisfying the intellect is work of what alone is properly called apologetic. Unless we fall back into that quietism which would tell us to read à Kempis and say our

¹ P. 46.

prayers and wait, we must address ourselves first of all to making Christianity attractive ; and then to making it intelligible. And if we do not find it against Gospel simplicity to address ourselves, as we continually do, to the intelligence of the semi-educated, we cannot allege that scruple as a reason why we should not address ourselves to the fully educated, to those who eventually form and guide the opinions of the many.

G. TYRRELL.

An Eighteenth-Century Convert.

WE who live in the opening years of the twentieth century find it difficult, perhaps, to realize the strength of mind and moral courage that were required by the eighteenth-century Englishman who, moved by an irresistible conviction, forsook the beliefs in which he had been reared, and sought satisfaction for the cravings of his soul in the bosom of the Catholic Church. He was obliged, actually and literally, to renounce the world, not only its pomps and vanities, but also its natural ambitions, civic duties, and many of its most innocent delights. Whatever his talents and capabilities, a public career was denied to him ; if he was a University man, the doors of his College were closed to him ; if he desired to fight for his country by land or sea, he was bidden offer his services to some foreign Power, which might at any moment join the ranks of England's enemies. Worst of all, he was too often cut off from home, family, and friends as the final penalty of his reversion to the "old religion." Truly, such a man must necessarily have been something of a hero, since he could hardly escape some form of social martyrdom.

In Boswell's *Life of Johnson* there is an allusion to one of these convert heroes—"The Reverend Mr. Chamberlayne, who had given up great prospects in the Church of England on his conversion to the Catholic Faith." Johnson, who warmly admired every man who acted from a conscientious regard to principle, on hearing of this disinterested conduct, exclaimed fervently, "God bless him." This "Reverend Mr. Chamberlayne" was George, eldest son of the Rev. Edward Chamberlayne of Cressingham, Norfolk, and was born on February 21, 1738. His mother was a Miss De Grey, sister of the first Lord Walsingham, who was successively Solicitor General, Attorney General, and Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. It was probably owing in great measure to Lord Walsingham's powerful interest that the Chamberlayne family was able to make a more consider-

able figure in the world than usually falls to the lot of the children of a country parson. The second son, Edward, became Secretary to the Treasury, and the youngest, Thomas, Vice-Provost of Eton and Rector of Worplesden, while one daughter married Dr. Kennicott, and the other Dr. Roberts, Provost of Eton. When we first hear of George Chamberlayne he is making the grand tour in the capacity of tutor to Lord Lincoln, eldest son of the Duke of Newcastle. In July, 1770, Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann :

Lord Lincoln is going to your Florence, and his father has desired my recommendation. . . . The Duke has begged for another word for Mr. Chamberlayne, who travels with Lord Lincoln. I hope you will find he deserves it ; I do not know him, and am always in a fright when I frank anybody to you who I cannot answer for.

The present writer has been privileged to read a collection of George Chamberlayne's letters, which cover a period of about thirty years, from 1772 to 1801. These are all addressed to his friend, Mr. Edward Barrett of Lee, whose acquaintance he seems to have made in Italy on that early tour. Mr. Barrett, it will be remembered, was also a friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole's, and is chiefly remarkable for having turned his house into an imitation of a Gothic priory. Walpole speaks of Lee as "the child of Strawberry Hill," and generously admits that the child is even prettier than the parent. George Chamberlayne's early letters to Mr. Barrett are written in the careless, light-hearted fashion of the ordinary young man of the period. They contain descriptions of the operas he has heard, of the entertainments he has been invited to, of the guineas he has lost at cards, and many allusions, touched with the coarseness of the age, to common acquaintances. Then comes a long gap in the correspondence, from 1772 to 1777, in which latter year George is staying at the Tax Office, probably with his brother Edward, and writes in a more sober vein, promising an early visit to Lee, and dilating upon the merits of the supposititious poems of Rowley, which Chatterton had just imposed upon the world.

From the letters of 1779 it is evident that the great step is in contemplation, and that Chamberlayne has discussed the pros and cons with his friend. Writing from King's College, Cambridge, in September (probably one of his last letters from his old college), he sends some extracts from Maimbourg's

Traité Historique de l'Eglise de Rome, and it is apparent that he ardently desires that his friend should follow him into the Catholic Church. In the early part of 1780 the plunge has been taken, and the convert has not only been received into the Church, but has entered the priesthood. On June 2 he writes from the Theological College at Douai :

Me voici devenu Abbé, with cassock, petit collet, chevelure ronde, inquisitorial cap, et quand je me promène en ville with chapeau ecclesiastique and silken girdle à la louable coutume de France. Je ne suis moins votre ami, and I wish you could be here to see the fair beauty of the house of the Lord, and to visit His temple. I arrived on Saturday last, and was instantly received into this College with the utmost marks of kindness. I am just as in King's, or King's as it ought to be, not as it is. The altars smoking with incense and revered with multiplied genuflexions : not wooden unmeaning candles on a communion-table, but wax-lights emblems of Christian faith, distinguishing the Holy of Holies where the Almighty delighteth to dwell. I rise at five, dine between one and two, and go to bed between nine and ten. I have not, it is true, the garden at Lee to walk in, the loss of that I much regret ; but I have the College gardens, and the ramparts of a town situated in a fine country, whose canons have not merely *lawn sleeves*, but whole surplices of lawn.

With all this we talk the English language, talk of English books, politics, arts and sciences, and lament our banishment. We grieve at the unhappy mistakes and prejudices which have deprived us of the churches and colleges at home, designed for us by our ancestors, and made us aliens from our mother's children. We pour out no execrations upon you, but night and morning and at noon-day we sigh after the happiness of our countrymen. Come here, and I will show you St. John's as founded by the Countess of Richmond. Do not scruple to say, if any one inquires after me, "He is in Flanders because he thinks with Archbishop Warham, Cardinal Pole, and Sir Thomas More." A good Christian should have no relish for worldly glory, but I cannot help frequently reflecting with pleasure that it cannot be said, "He is a Methodist, a Puritan, he is not of a gentleman's religion." No, the gentlemen who have pedigrees in England will find my faith is that of their ancestors. . . . I know not whether I told you that we have here a representative of the three nations, an English, Scotch, and Irish College, and as it is meet that England should be pre-eminent, we have a convent of English Benedictines and another of English Recollets. I am in possession of a very good room, about twenty-two feet long by sixteen wide, which opens upon a gallery of above fifty yards. To be sure, the English are an extraordinary people ; in all parts of the world, in all sorts of ways do they find their establish-

ments. I am in hopes the Americans will come in, and peace will follow. It will then be but a step for you to come to Lille, and see how we live in Flanders.

In a letter dated August 29, 1780, there is the first allusion to the Gordon Riots that had convulsed London in June of that year.

What a pity [writes Chamberlayne] the zeal of our deluded mobs should be so sadly directed! How much better to build spacious churches, to fill them with pictures, argenterie, and reliquaries, than to lay waste and destroy! How poor the taste which prefers a Geneva temple to the solemn splendour of a Gothic Cathedral, where the senses and the heart are united together to adore the Supreme Being, the author of external as well as spiritual beauty.

In answer to your questions. We have a handsome room to the south for our library, and it is exceedingly well stocked with divinity; there is a scarcity of English books of history and *belles lettres*—but as the first is my principal object, I have all I want. Our church is not large; the choir contains about forty stalls; the young folks are in a gallery which overlooks the church without being part of it. We have the high altar, one of our Lady, and one of St. Augustine, our apostle. On great days we make no contemptible display of silver and embroidery. The ciborio is very elegant indeed, the work, they say, of a London Quaker. Our garden once had ranges of old trees, but upon rebuilding part of the house, the ground was raised with the rubbish, and nearly all the trees were destroyed. There are two smaller grounds in the nature of kitchen-gardens, with very good retired walks to say Breviary in.

This letter concludes with some lengthy extracts from the writings of St. Augustine and Du Pin.

At this time Mr. Barrett was busily employed upon the improvement of his grounds. In August, Horace Walpole paid him a visit, and in a letter to Mason, dated August 31, 1780, he says:

I returned from Mr. Barrett's last night, which is a prettier place than he had modestly represented. It is, like himself, quiet. There is a small house that is decent, a cheerful vale, a humble stream improved, a few trees of dignity, and ground irregular enough for variety. He has some few good pictures, prints, and books, and indulges himself without extravagance.

In George Chamberlayne's letters to his friend are many allusions to the building and planting schemes at Lee.

I am glad the young trees continue to flourish [he writes on October 9, 1780]. They have been exerting themselves to the utmost in pushing upwards to the skies; some one observes that reasonable creatures alone do not fulfil the end of their creation. You must have rejoiced in Mr. Walpole's visit, and he doubtless approved of what you could show him at home and abroad. I should like his *History of the Modern Taste in Gardening*. Is not Milton's *Paradise* a proof of his superior ideas that way? . . .

You are scandalized that Du Pin met with troubles and disgraces. There is in this world an unequal distribution of rewards and punishments. Hara, Bishop of Chichester, observes that in England, "the misfortunes a man of unblemished life may bring upon himself by religious opinions are such as the vilest and most immoral wretch is in no danger of." The late House of Commons was of opinion that the repeal of King William's Act does not secure a man who turns to the old religion from the polite ceremony of hanging, drawing, and quartering. . . . You need be under no apprehensions that I can be *choqué* or offended at anything you can say about the saints; pour out all your objections against Catholics; I trust they will not be unanswerable. For your own sake do it in gentle language; soft words will be most safe, and equally efficacious. Be assured that long experience makes me say of the Church:

I look upon thee with a lover's eye,
Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,
Thou all perfection, or all blindness I.

Were I single in my opinion it would be of no weight, but when Scripture points out to us this heavenly Bride without speck or wrinkle, when so many ages and nations concur in forming the same judgment, why should I hesitate a moment to forego some of the short pleasures of this frail life for an eternity? I am no longer afraid of the black box. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who maketh us more than conquerors.

In reviewing the events of the past year in a letter dated December 23, 1780, Chamberlayne says:

I am not dissatisfied with the year 1780. I had some share of your company, though not so much as in the preceding; I have been removed from tumults and elections, old England has withstood the threats of its enemies, and I am in hopes has a fair prospect of the restoration of America. Poor André! What could possess Washington and his officers and make them so cruel, though there was so much time for deliberation? . . .

When I last wrote I told you I was more and more contented with my new friends. I will tell you why. First, they are very attentive not to require anything to be believed more firmly than it deserves.

Secondly, there is so much politeness and kindness to one another. You would like our High Mass, and be pleased with being incensed, though it gave Middleton so much offence. When we are at choir service we are not tied down to our seats like Calvinists till sermon is over, but every one goes in and out as church offices and just occasions require, making his obeisance and having them properly returned by marks of notice from those in the stalls. But, above all, how very significant is the *osculum pacis*, which the officiating priest during the celebration conveys from the altar to the deacon, and he to the subordinate ministers, so that it passes through the whole body, uniting all in true Christian harmony and affection. Thirdly, they are as fair and mild and reasonable as possible in all their positions, such as: "Dieu traitera les infidèles avec tant d'équité, que tous au jour de jugement seront obligés de reconnoître la justice de leur condamnation, et connoîtront alors que la salut leur a été possible. L'Eglise laisse la liberté de croire, avec S. Thomas, qu'on n'est sujet à aucune *peine du sens* à cause du seul péché originel, mais qu'on est seulement privé de la *vision intuitive* de Dieu, qui est un don gratuit, à quoi les créatures intelligents n'ont de leur nature aucun droit." . . . I venture to send you thus much theology, because you seem to have no objection to it, and it is the growth and merchandize of this place. We are forced to denounce the Evangelist's threatenings of inexpressible and everlasting punishment upon the wilful and impenitent sinner; but we endeavour to temper them with all the lenity and mercy which truth will allow us to conceive. If you should find us more equitable in this than you thought, I may safely say you will find us so on every other subject.

The next letter that has been preserved is dated September 11, 1781, and in it the zealous convert continues the arguments by which he hoped to persuade his friend to follow him into the fold where he had found peace and happiness.

You own my scheme of education to be specious [he writes], but suppose there is more classical taste at Eton. You are in the right, but you have the candour to make proper allowances, and consider that our object is to give real assistance to our countrymen, rather than to ravish their ears with ode and epic, immortal in Horace's ideas, not so in ours. Why is it, alas! that our Protestant shelves are crowded with the polite, and elegant, and lively, and judicious works of Catholic authors, and still we must so often hear ourselves charged with an affection for dulness and ignorance? Remember when and where "a Raphael painted and a Vida sung," and when you are delighted with painting, or statuary, or music, or poetry, think on Italy as often as to Italy you are beholden for them.

You make me a painter of a *Paradiso* and an *Inferno*, and have

found me to succeed better in the terrible than in the beautiful. . . . If you turn your eyes from the infernal scene, let it be to contemplate the heavenly one; to forget them both is the worst thing that can happen to man. The serious think of them willingly, to the gay they will occasionally present themselves by force. . . . Poorly provided as I was in comparison of you with the allurements of the world, I can say by experience that it is difficult to quarrel with it; yet it is not impossible, because the Almighty is our helper, in whose courts one day is better than a thousand. He invites us all, "Why will you die, O House of Israel?" "I have laid before you," says Moses, "this day life and death: the choice is yours." Thus used to write the Père Guerrier, as I showed you, sitting upon a bench at the south side of your house. I became his scholar; happy if you be so at second-hand. With regard to the eternity of punishment, cannot an offended king resolve that as long as his reign shall last, so long shall a rebellious subject (a Washington for example) be banished from Court, and imprisoned in a dungeon? The time of showing mercy is past, the day of judgment is arrived, the irrevocable sentence is pronounced. The reign of God has no end; therefore, for those on whom the gates of death are once locked by an eternal decree, there is no remission, no escape. . . .

It will be very entertaining for me to hear how the exquisite taste of a Wyatt arranged your house, and will, I hope, be the subject of a letter when the evenings grow short. My two nearest relations (after brothers), the late Chief Justice (Lord Walsingham) and his brother, died, the one on May 10, the other on June 23; so that the young Lord Walsingham is in full possession of title and estate. He has an old house [at Merton, Norfolk] which calls out quite as much for assistance as yours can do; and grounds not ugly, but neither dressed, nor capable of being dressed as yours are.

The amicable controversy on the subject of the Catholic Church runs through most of the letters at this period, Mr. Barrett putting forward objections as they occur to him, and Mr. Chamberlayne confuting or explaining them away.

You grant us learning and politeness [writes the latter, in December, 1781], I shall therefore for the future claim these as our due. You now charge us with tyranny on account of the *Index Expurgatorius*. Sure the Act of Parliament is an Index, see Blackstone: "Importing or selling Mass-books or other Popish books is liable to a penalty of forty shillings." If I could procure you a beautiful illuminated Horæ Mariæ Virginis, how am I to bring it over? They will say, such laws are now obsolete, and the Papists may have what books they please. Let me also ask how it appears that the Index is in force to prevent a gentleman from furnishing his library to his mind? With

regard to the great Galileo, accounts tell us he was unjustly and cruelly dealt with. The Inquisitors of Rome may make horrible mistakes in their prosecutions and judgments. I only say, where the Inquisitors are established, let them answer for themselves; they do no harm where they are not. . . .

I am sorry your letter to me still cost you half-a-crown in these hard times; for I must have a touch upon them, they are so bad. Poor Lord Cornwallis! I know not what is to be done; but surely you can gain nothing but loss by any longer endeavouring to subdue America. It is not, however, very material what I think upon that subject. (March 23, 1782.) You are a bold man if you undertake such mighty projects [his architectural improvements] in the midst of a perilous war, when the State is under the necessity of requiring so much from you for its support. I tremble for Lord North and his associates, when I consider the numbers that are against him, and I tremble for my country whether he remain in place or be removed. I used to admire with how much tranquillity *il nostro Padre Santissimo* had reigned, but behold a great storm has arisen.¹ Would it not be curious to see him at Vienna? Every age has something to distinguish it, and make its history interesting to those that succeed. Our own is pregnant with extraordinary circumstances, and if you and I are to see the nineteenth century begin, we need not fear a want of events to engage our attention in the meantime.

In April, 1782, George Chamberlayne's younger brother, Edward, who had recently been appointed Secretary to the Treasury, threw himself out of a window at Lord North's, being overcome, as it was believed, by a nervous terror of the responsibility of the office. Walpole, alluding to this affair in a letter to the Rev. W. Cole, says:

With Mr. Chamberlayne I was very little acquainted, nor ever saw him six times in my life. It was with Lord Walpole's branch he was intimate, to whose eldest son he was tutor. This poor gentleman had a most excellent character universally, and has been more feelingly regretted than almost any man I ever knew.

Mr. Barrett had, it appears, written his friend a letter of condolence on this melancholy affair, and the exile at Douai replies on May 2, 1782:

Best of Friends,—I am very thankful for the notice you have taken of me by your letter upon the great affliction I have experienced, the greatest that I know how to imagine. No family has ever been more united in inclination, nor more cordial than ours in promoting each

¹ The persecution of the Viennese nuns by the Emperor Joseph.

other's interest. A principal branch is lopped off, an incurable wound inflicted, as you know it was the character of the deceased to be serviceable to all those who wanted his assistance. I have been in proportion to my connection with him more particularly an object of his benevolence. I fear he suffered himself to be too much harassed with business; and the amusements of which he partook were not generally of a kind that might have relieved and composed his spirits, but rather agitated and disturbed them. He was full of the love of the public and his country: but it was an anxious love. He was cheerful upon abstract topics, but with regard to politics despondent to the most extreme degree. He foresaw, with many, the downfall of England; but his good sense failed him in his not considering that the happiness of the individual at least, whatever may be said of a country, does not depend upon extent of territory, and victory, and enormous riches. The pleasures of private friendship, the charms of Lee garden, the peace of a quiet conscience, may give equal delight, whether England lord it over the world as in 1762, or humbly beg peace of her victorious enemies, to which she must now, it is probable, shortly condescend. The blow comes with additional weight, because we were beginning to think of seeing each other once more. I had hinted to him I was one day to return to England; and had besides invited him by a letter, which he did not live to receive, to come and see me in the autumn. Those flattering ideas have now vanished; nothing remains but the satisfaction that I may try to be of use to him even in his present state, by now and then a *De profundis* or a *Requiescat in pace*. For though, to all appearance, he was not in the ark, yet as God above alone knows the heart, I am not afraid but by some mercy, greater it is true than I can conceive, he might, in his last moments, be there where true happiness is to be obtained. Perhaps the last thing I said to him at parting was: "If you do not live a Catholic, be sure, at least, you die one." Alas, it is not in our power; a death-bed faith is more difficult even than a death-bed repentance. . . .

You may possibly remember that an estate was left some years ago to the deceased. It consists of two farms of about £60 per annum each. It is supposed that he does not leave much more than this estate clear of encumbrances. My brother Tom is sole executor; his personals are divided amongst brothers and sisters, and both the farms are left to Tom, but upon condition that he pays the produce of one of them to me during life. You see I have lost my birthright, but I have a better thing: money in my purse without the trouble of temporal concerns. Whether he thought this method the most eligible in respect of me for the penal laws, or whether he was afraid that being to have no posterity of my own, I might leave it from the family, is to me uncertain. He has effectually consulted my quiet and advantage by this annuity. . . . I think my poor surviving brother will be

au désespoir at this great and sudden loss. Perhaps he will take refuge in marriage, the best thing he could do if there was no other world—but which will only add to my pain. How sad for me to see my friends dropping off one after another, and what can I do to rescue any of them? Take care of yourself, and secure your happiness to-day, while it is called to-day. The comfort of believing on good grounds that one is in the right road to heaven, surpasses all description.

This letter is quickly followed by a second, written under an apprehension that he had been unjust to his much-beloved brother.

They told me [he says], that he died by a fall from a window at Lord North's; and I wrote to you under the notion that it was *probable* that the multiplicity and difficulty of the business in which he was going to engage, had so agitated, harassed, and disturbed his mind as to occasion this grievous calamity to be (though the sudden and unpremeditated) still the voluntary effect of a despondency proceeding from too much solicitude. But I have since been informed that while he had the full use of his reason, which was no less than thirty hours, he declared he had not any intention of doing what he did; that his thoughts being quite abstracted, he had passed through the window, not knowing but what it was a door. . . . He died piously—I wish I could say Catholicamente. Letters were often passing betwixt us. Not long ago he said, "I am engaged in business, I must go on." I answered, "God can at any time by blindness or loss of our understanding render us unserviceable to our friends. How generous to give what the Almighty can in a moment take away!—viz., to give when the sense of duty enjoins." Little did I think he was so soon in one instant, from a situation most useful to his country and his friends, to fall into his grave.

This was not the last misfortune that was to throw a shadow upon the Chamberlayne family in the year 1782. On August 14, George writes to record another calamity.

My poor brother [he begins], would very soon indeed have been under great difficulties. What would he have chosen? Whether to continue under Lord Shelburne and Mr. Pitt, or by going out with the Cavendish party be reduced to a very scanty income, and not know how to support his situation in life. I hinted to you that the surviving brother [Thomas, at that time Rector of Cressingham], must marry to avoid solitary celibacy and unconnected decline. I knew indeed that something was in prospect. You have heard the misfortune. Within five weeks after the former calamity, the lady, who was actually to have returned to Eton with him next morning, was overturned between London and Hackney by a drunken coachman, and killed on the spot. They were to have been married in a very few days; he was grown

dotingly fond of her. She was the only daughter of a rich father, who had been thirty years accumulating a fortune for her. He [his brother] who had been one of the most cheerful persons of his time, and on whom the world had been used particularly to smile, is now suffering under circumstances of very accumulated distress. Two uncles (of whom one was his constant friend and companion), a valuable brother, the object of a courtship lost in the instant of obtaining it, all these taken off in one year—shall we set our hearts on a world like this, where everything is so short and uncertain? . . .

Lord North has already had satisfaction of his adversaries, who set themselves against him for so many years. He may look on and smile if he will at the embarrassments of those who had no compassion on his. Meanwhile, I am grieved that peace cannot be obtained; for I am not sanguine enough to expect any advantage to England from the continuance of war, and the events of it are melancholy. What shocking times in America! What a deluge of fire preparing against Gibraltar!

After congratulating his friend upon the acquisition of a coveted piece of land, the writer continues:

Long may you enjoy it; but I should think myself a flatterer if I did not add that we must all take possession of the ugly black box. On that account, if Lee undergoes the alterations proposed by Wyatt, how I should like it, were there added to it what necessarily belongs to every chateau *comme il faut*, an elegant chapel, with an altar and all its plate, its crucifix, its pictures, its tapers and embroidery, &c. The master of the house should have his own chaplain, should be the patriarch of a little but very pious congregation, and should feel an inexpressible satisfaction in the favour of Heaven, in the re-establishment of what St. Austin preached, and the tutelary aid of all the Angels and Saints who used to preside over the neighbouring Church of Canterbury; and what is most essential, he should have no apprehension of losing the good things around him, but enjoy them with an assured hope that when he closed his eyes upon earthly blessings, he should open them upon those that are immortal and incorruptible.

In January, 1783, the unfortunate Thomas Chamberlayne had been staying with Mr. Barrett at Lee.

He was gone, poor man [writes his brother, on January 21], into Norfolk, comfortless and unable to enjoy the good things that seem to be around him. How happy is the poor friar whose weed you so much dread! Having bid adieu to all the riches and pleasures of the world, he has nothing to lose. Every day brings him nearer and nearer to the object of his wishes. The man of the world is struggling with the changes and chances of this mortal life, is exposed to attack in every circumstance on which he fixes his affections; but the

Capuchin is invulnerable, for misfortune can lay no hold upon him who holds nothing. Yet I would not have everybody become a Capuchin, because it is not convenient. But he is a true philosopher who on right principles can use this world, and look for enjoyment in the next, who is thankful for what he possesses, and yet not unwilling to resign it on demand. Such a person has the advantages of riches and the security of poverty, holds on his course boldly over life's ocean, and if he is shipwrecked is sure of being cast ashore in the haven where he would be. . . . So much for morality, springing out of last year's events,

As tragical as painters can express
Or poets fancy.

I am much entertained with, and greatly admire the part which Lord North takes in Parliament. I have a sort of attachment, I know not why, to the old Ministry. What an advantageous situation they have got into ! Instead of being called to an account for the diminution of the British dominions, they will be themselves exculpated, and have to charge their adversaries with inglorious peace or unsuccessful war. I do not like the threatened alterations in the mode of election ; whatever speculative man may imagine, we are not all born to the same privileges, and it is not necessary that the Yorkshireman should be equally represented with the Cornishman, any more than that he should have his tin-mines. I conceive that those who pretend to be admirers of the old Constitution, of annual parliaments, independent members, equal representation, &c., in general hold popery in great abhorrence. On the contrary, we feel and boast that trial by jury, Magna Charta, laws defining treason, all the fundamental principles of British nobility, are due to those ancient worthies who built your churches, founded your colleges, and whose Gothic magnificence you frequently respect in the ruins which have stood the attacks of wild fanaticism.

Mr. Chamberlayne had originally intended to remain only three years at Douai, and he promised to visit his friend at Lee in the summer of 1783. In April of that year, however, he decided to postpone his return to England until midsummer, 1784, and expresses a doubt as to the desirability of a visit to Lee, both on his own account and on that of his friend.

Your friendship for me [he writes] is uncommonly great ; it seems indissoluble, and oh, that it may last to all eternity. But how shall I be able, after what I have been doing and shall have done, to mix in the amusements and company that the world affords ? Must not you rather allow me to go on in my own way without interruption, or make you a short and private visit to testify how sincerely I wish you all sort of good in return for your firm attachment to me ? Consider in your

moments of reflection what prudence advises with regard to this matter, and let me know your sentiments. I foresaw the difficulty, but it seemed to be a distant one; time passes rapidly, and has brought it near. I thought something might happen meanwhile to one or the other of us, some change of situation, which might make all forecast unnecessary. One thing I must observe to you, that I think you did not, from the discovery of my secret in the park to the hour of our separation, find me doubting or hesitating, so what I have seen and learned in my retreat has established in me still more so clear and steady a sentiment of that one truth which leads to eternal happiness as by God's grace shall have an impregnable firmness; and what will be my case if being favoured with this belief I am not careful to endeavour at a practice consistent with it? I call it not positiveness, but conviction; not singularity and private persuasion, but reasonable submission to supreme authority.

At this time Mr. Barrett, having finished the improvements in his grounds, was hard at work turning his house into an imitation of a Gothic priory. In August, Chamberlayne writes:

I doubt not you will by the execution of your design provide yourself with excellent rooms of the sort you want, give an elegant appearance to your house, and make your place still more pleasing and inviting than it already is. If it really were what it is intended to imitate, it would suit me extraordinarily well. How glad should I be to see the Gothic monuments of ancient piety and taste, not only standing with all their external bravery and splendour, but inhabited by those persons for whom they were designed, and serving the purposes their founders intended. Yours will be but a *persona*. There are still great prejudices and deep-rooted animosities remaining, not only with the meanest of the people, but even among some of the better rank and more information, which will make it improper for me, as I imagine, to spend much time at Lee, though I should have nothing to do in any other place. The conclusion of your first letter, and the whole of your second, by which you signify your apprehensions that your friends might find me in a situation and habit not proper to be exhibited, and kindly complain of odious penal laws, seem to me to betray a sense on your part of my being concerned in something which it might be prudent to conceal.

As the exile's last year at Douai drew to an end, it became necessary for him to come to some conclusion as to the work that he would take up on his return to the world in a new character. Mr. Barrett interested himself in the matter, as we learn from a letter dated September 11, 1783, in which Chamberlayne writes:

Many thanks for your letter, and the regard you show me in proposing an establishment which you conceived might possibly suit me. I recovered my liberty when I left off serving the world and fixing my affection upon worldly things, and I have no inclination to enslave myself to it any more. No situation could be more irksome to me than to teach Latin and Greek to French gentlemen at Versailles; when more fit for such a business I was not successful, and upon this occasion I should neither please myself nor give satisfaction to others. The offer of a thousand *French* livres is neither ungenerous nor altogether to be despised; but it cannot be said to have anything dazzling for me, who was once accustomed to count by solid *English* pounds, and thought myself in a way to expect the most considerable emoluments in my own country. . . . I do not think it is allowable for me to pass the remainder of my life in a state quite useless to my neighbour, but I hope it will be an independent one; and that whatever I am employed upon, I shall execute it with the pleasure which attends a free choice, and one that ought to be disinterested, as Providence has given me sufficiency.

E. M. S.

(To be continued.)

The Dedication of the Divina Commedia.

WE know from Dante's own words that the *Vita Nuova*, the first of his books, was dedicated to the first and dearest of all his friends, Guido Cavalcanti, who had induced him to write it entirely in Italian. No other of his minor works contains any hint of similar dedication, although, as I ventured to suggest recently in the pages of THE MONTH, it appears by no means impossible that the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, when completed, would have been dedicated to Dante's second poet-friend and fellow-exile, Messer Cino da Pistoia. But to whom did the divine poet offer the greatest book of the modern world?

"This book of the *Comedy*," writes Boccaccio, "according as one maintains, he dedicated to three most distinguished Italians, after its three-fold division; one to each after this fashion: the first part, to wit, the *Inferno*, he dedicated to Uguccone della Faggiuola, who was then in Tuscany, Lord of Pisa, in marvellous glory; the second part, to wit, the *Purgatorio*, he dedicated to the Marquis Moroello Malaspina; the third part, to wit, the *Paradiso*, to Frederick II., King of Sicily. Some will have it that he dedicated the whole to Messer Cane della Scala; but as to which of these two is the truth we have nothing else to go on, save only the random discourse of diverse; nor is it matter of so great weight as to call for serious investigation."¹

Since Messer Giovanni's days men have come to believe that there is nothing connected with Dante, or with his immortal work, that is not "matter of so great weight as to call for serious investigation," even if we have nothing to guide our researches save this "random discourse of diverse," *ragionare di diversi*—of which would that we had more, if it could in any way be traced back to days so near the poet's own as were Boccaccio's.

It seems almost as certain as anything of the kind can be that the *Paradiso* was dedicated to Can Grande della Scala,

¹ Wicksteed's translation of the *Vita di Dante*.

"Vicar General of the most sacred Cæsarian monarchy in the capital Verona and the city of Vicenza" and, after 1318, the recognized captain of the Imperial party in Italy. The current of critical opinion has of late set strongly in favour of the authenticity of that splendid Latin letter from Dante to the young lord of Verona, that marvellous combination of generous courtesy, philosophic insight and enthusiasm, frank self-revelation—which is a dedication, a commentary, and an apologia.

It will be remembered that the letter in question is at once an offering of the third Cantica to Can Grande, an exposition of its opening Canto, and a peculiarly frank defence of the poet's own apparent audacity in attempting such a supreme revelation of the Divinity to man. As to the dedication, Canto xvii. of the *Paradiso* itself is the clearest testimony to the extraordinary admiration which Dante felt towards this great Ghibelline captain, to his personal gratitude towards him, and to the unbounded hopes which he cherished for him in the future. In his high vision in the sphere of Mars the old Florentine Crusader, Cacciaguida, tells him things concerning Can Grande which he is to bear written in his mind but not tell—*cose incredibili a quei che sien presente*—"things incredible even to those who shall be present when they are done."

But apart from the letter, there is further evidence concerning Dante's literary relations with Can Grande. Boccaccio states that whenever Dante had finished a certain number of cantos of the *Commedia*, "six or eight cantos, more or less," he was wont to send them from whatever place he was in, before any other had seen them, to Can Grande della Scala, "whom he held in reverence above all other men: and when he had seen them, he copied them for whoso desired them." A few years ago a very curious piece of documentary evidence was brought to light in support of Boccaccio's story, in the shape of a sonnet by the Venetian poet, Giovanni Querini, which appears to be addressed to Can Grande, requesting him to publish some cantos of the *Paradiso* which their author desired to be thus made known to the world through him: "I am a faithful servant of yours, longing to see the holy glory of the Paradise which the poet sings. Wherefore I pray you that you may be pleased to show forth the fair flowerets of this plant, for they render worthy fruit to their maker, who intended—and I know that he still intends—that this mighty work should by you first

be made known to the others through the world."¹ It will be observed that this was written before Dante's death—*so che intende ancora*. The letter to Can Grande very clearly implies that only the *Paradiso* was dedicated to him; but if these were the literary relations between the Imperial Vicar and the divine poet, it will readily be seen how Boccaccio's informants at Ravenna may have got to suppose that the whole poem had been similarly dedicated.

Boccaccio's alternative—the triple dedication to Uguccione, Moroello, and King Frederick—is closely connected with a famous Dantesque document, the problematic epistle of Fra Ilario del Corvo. This production, familiar at least by name to all who have even dabbled in Dante lore, purports to have been written by a Camaldolese monk, Fra Ilario, Prior of the Convent of Santa Croce del Corvo in Lunigiana, to Uguccione della Faggiuola, and describes a striking, not to say melodramatic visit from the divine poet. At present the letter is altogether discredited. Scartazzini goes so far as to say that "of that silly imposture, the epistle of Frate Ilario, it is not worth while to take the slightest notice. . . . From the scientific point of view it is proved and re-proved apocryphal, absurd, ridiculous, and that is enough."² As far as I have observed, it is not even remotely referred to in Mr. Paget Toynbee's exhaustive *Dante Dictionary*; and, in fact, the epistle is regarded by the majority of Dante scholars as almost outside the pale of serious discussion.

In this letter Fra Ilario, after very appropriately applying the texts "A good man out of a good treasure bringeth forth good things," and "By their fruits you shall know them," to Dante (whom he oddly does not name) and his works, professes to be going to forward a copy of what is evidently the *Inferno* (with his own commentary upon it) to Uguccione, and tells the following remarkable story of how it came into his hands from the author himself.

When this man was intending to go into the ultramontane regions and was passing through the diocese of Luni, he made his way to this monastery, whether moved by the devotion of the place or some other cause. When I saw him—he being then unknown alike to myself and to all my brethren—I asked him what he sought; and, as

¹ Published by S. Morpurgo in the *Bullettino della Società Dantesca Italiana*, (N.S. i. 7.)

² *Prolegomeni della Divina Commedia*, p. 425.

he answered not a word, but kept gazing upon the construction of the place, I asked him again what he sought or wanted. Then he, gazing upon the brethren who were with me, said : "Peace." Therefore did I desire more and more ardently to know who and what manner of man this might be, and I drew him apart from the others ; and then, having had some speech with him, I knew him. For although I had never seen him until that day, his fame had reached me a long time before. But after he had seen me entirely attentive to him and knew my affection towards his words, he drew forth in right friendly wise a certain little book from his breast, and liberally offered it to me. "Here in this," said he, "is a part of my work, which perchance you have never seen. I leave these tokens with you, that you may more firmly remember me."

Fra Ilario takes the book eagerly and gratefully, and commences then and there to read it ; but, when he finds it is written in the vernacular, cannot refrain from expressing his astonishment, together with his opinion that the vesting of such high matters with a popular robe is unfitting. Dante answers that he himself had once thought the same, and that at the outset, when "the seed, perhaps infused from Heaven, began to germinate," he had actually commenced to write his poem in Latin :

Ultima regna canam, fluido contermina mundo,
Spiritus quæ lata patent, quæ premia solvunt
Pro meritis cuicumque suis.

But when he had pondered over the conditions of the age, he saw the works of the classical poets, *cantus illustrium poetarum*, despised, and that noble men, for whom such things were written in better times, abandoned the liberal arts to the vulgar herd. "Wherefore I laid down the lyre, upon which I had relied, and prepared another suitable to the senses of modern men ; for it is a vain thing to offer solid food to the mouths of sucklings." And he concludes by requesting Fra Ilario himself to furnish the poem with a commentary, *cum quibusdam glossulis*, and to forward it so furnished to Uguccone della Faggiuola.

"If anything should appear ambiguous in it," so the good Father adds, with a modesty which every modern commentator should lay to heart for imitation, "impute it to my insufficiency alone, for without doubt the text itself should be held perfect in every respect." If Uguccone should hereafter desire to obtain the second and third parts of the poem, he will find them with the Marquis Moroello and King Frederick of Sicily respectively.

"For the author assured me that, after he had considered the whole of Italy, he chose you three above all for the dedication of this tripartite work."

It is at once obvious that this letter is very closely connected with Boccaccio's *Vita di Dante*. Although Boccaccio says not a word about Ilario, and makes no mention of Dante's visit to Santa Croce del Corvo, the whole passage in the letter concerning Dante's reasons for writing the *Divine Comedy* in Italian, together with the three lines of the original Latin opening, occurs almost word for word in chapter xv. of the *Vita*, as also the story of the three-fold dedication—in the latter case, indeed, with a saving proviso added, "according as one maintains." Bartoli, one of the most strenuous opponents of its authenticity, considered that the letter was a forgery of the latter part of the fourteenth century, suggested by this very chapter in Boccaccio's little book; and this was until recently the view of many Dante scholars. Thanks, however, to the researches of M. Hauvette, it is now recognized that the only extant MS. of the letter is in Boccaccio's own handwriting, forming part of that famous Codex in the Laurentian Library, which appears to have been his commonplace book,¹ and, therefore, at least earlier than his *Vita di Dante*. This being so, I venture to suggest that its spuriousness need not be regarded as beyond the pale of serious discussion.

Apart from its connection with Boccaccio, the chief arguments against the letter are the want of coherence in the whole story, the unlikelihood of Dante's entrusting his precious work to be commented upon and forwarded by a stranger, the impossibility of his having dedicated it to at least two of three princes named, and the undeniable fact that, at the assumed date of the letter, the *Inferno* had not been finished. It will be observed that the letter itself implies that the rest of the poem had not yet been completed, and that the other two dedications were only in the future.

The likeliness or unlikeliness of the story is rather a matter of individual opinion, nor (were the letter genuine) have we any

¹ The other Dantesque documents which, like Ilario's letter, are written in this MS. in Boccaccio's hand and occur nowhere else, are Dante's Epistle to the Italian Cardinals (authenticity almost certain), his supposed letter to Cino da Pistoia (doubtful), his letter to a Florentine Friend refusing the amnesty (genuineness disputed, but probable). It has been suggested that the last named and the Ilarian letter are, if not forgeries, at least literary exercises by Boccaccio himself. The same MS. contains Dante's undoubtedly genuine correspondence with Del Virgilio.

means of judging whether Fra Ilario was likely to have been a faithful reporter of what passed between Dante and himself. With regard to the commentary, we hardly know how far Dante had instructed the monk to go with his *quibusdam glossulis*, which may have been a very small matter indeed. Do we not often meet men and women, whose literary pretensions are of the slightest, but who nevertheless astound us by the important commissions they profess to have received from leading publishers, editors, and authors?

It is on the questions of the dedications and the dates involved that the Epistle must stand or fall. We know from Dante's poetical correspondence with Giovanni del Virgilio that by 1318, or 1319, the *Inferno* and the *Purgatorio* had been published, and that Dante was then engaged upon the *Paradiso*—which latter he appears to have published in instalments, through Can Grande della Scala, during the last three years of his life (1319—1321), the thirteen closing cantos being still unpublished at his death. It seems equally clear that the *Inferno* could not have been completed and published before May, 1314, at the earliest, as the nineteenth Canto contains a reference to the death of Pope Clement V., who died in the April of that year. Now if the ordinarily accepted date of 1308 or 1309 for Ilario's letter were correct, it is obvious that its authenticity would be out of the question—unless we supposed that it was only the earlier cantos that Dante had entrusted to Fra Ilario (which the letter hardly suggests) or an earlier version of the *Inferno* than what we now possess. Troya, its original editor, gave 1308, and Fraticelli following him 1308 or 1309, partly because the Epistle states that *iste homo ad partes ultramontanas ire intenderet*, and his journey to Paris is believed to have been in 1308 or at the beginning of 1309, as we know that he was back in Italy by 1310 or 1311. But, in the first place, it is at least possible that these "ultramontane parts" simply mean Italy beyond the Apennines—Eastern Lombardy and Romagna. And in the second place it seems—to the present writer at least—that the real date of the letter (if genuine) would be between 1314 and 1315, the very date required by the internal evidence of the *Inferno*, and the epoch in Dante's life, after the death of the Emperor, when he was indeed seeking "peace" and preparing to cross the Apennines to make his way first to Verona and then to his final refuge at Ravenna. The letter addresses Uguccone as

"among Italian princes the most pre-eminent," *inter Italicos proceres quamplurimum præeminens* (and this address is not the mere heading by the scribe of the codex, but an integral part of the letter), a designation which the wildest flights of flattery could hardly have applied to him before the beginning of 1314, nor after April, 1316. Before the death of Henry VII., Ugucione was a comparatively unimportant factor in Italian politics, whether as Podestà in Arezzo or as Imperial Vicar in Genoa. But in the latter part of 1313 Pisa chose him as her lord, and in the following year he commenced his brief but tremendous career of conquest in Tuscany, taking Lucca in June, 1314, and winning the battle of Montecatini, in August, 1315. The Guelf poet, Folgore da San Gemignano, bitterly declared that God Himself would pay tribute to Ugucione, if he demanded it. In April, 1316, he lost Pisa and Lucca in one day, and fled to Can Grande, in whose service he died during the siege of Padua in 1320.

It must be observed that Boccaccio, speaking of the dedication, distinctly says that Ugucione "was then in Tuscany, Lord of Pisa, in marvellous glory;" and there is a constant tradition that Dante was his guest at Lucca during this epoch. But, at the same time, the internal evidence of the *Inferno* against any dedication to Ugucione is very strong indeed. Unless we revive Troya's altogether discredited theory that Ugucione is the ideal deliverer of Italy, mystically foretold under the symbol of the *Veltro* in the first Canto, there is not the remotest complimentary (or other) reference to him throughout the work, which would be utterly inconsistent with the accepted etiquette of Italian dedication.

The dedication of the *Purgatorio* to a member of the great Malaspina family is altogether more probable. Dante's meeting with Conrad Malaspina in the Valley of the Princes gives occasion for a magnificent eulogy of "that honoured race ever adorned with the glory of the purse and of the sword," who "alone go straight and scorn the evil way,"¹ which is in the best style of Italian dedicatory panegyric, analogous to the praises of Can Grande in the *Paradiso*, but in a lower key. It is here that Conrad foretells Dante's gracious reception by the Malaspina in October, 1306, on which occasion we know from documentary evidence that the poet undertook a diplomatic mission from the Marquis Franceschino Malaspina to his

¹ *Purg.* viii. 124—132.

kinsman, the Bishop of Luni, with whom he was then at war and to whom there is a sarcastic reference in Dante's letter to the Italian Cardinals. There were several of the Malaspina who bore the name Moroello, but Dante's friend is generally supposed to have been the Marquis Moroello of Giovagallo, "Mars' lightening-vapour from the Magra valley," as he is called in *Inferno* xxiv., a great Guelf captain who conquered Pistoia for Florence in 1306, and led the Guelf league of Tuscany. But Guelf though he was, he is said to have joined the Imperial banner of Henry of Luxemburg, and to have been sent as Imperial Vicar to Brescia.¹ If it is true that he died in 1315, we have obviously the possible date of the letter fixed within narrow limits.

It was to Moroello's wife, Alagia, that Pope Adrian V. looked for prayers in one of the most pathetic passages of the *Purgatorio*.² According to tradition, preserved to us by Boccaccio and Benvenuto da Imola, it was whilst staying with Moroello that Dante recovered his lost manuscripts and was persuaded by the marquis to take up his work again. To Moroello too (if another famous Dantesque Epistle is authentic), the divine poet had sent the last of his love lyrics, with a letter confessing that a new and fierce passion of love had taken him captive. What more appropriate or more Dantesque than now to dedicate to the man, who had received that confession of his frailty, the poem which was to show his passage through the purging fire of the seventh terrace of Purgatory?

More difficult is the question as to whether Dante ever intended to dedicate his third Cantic to the Spanish King of Sicily, Frederick II. The only direct statement as to any personal relations between the two is to be found in a passage in Boccaccio's *Genealogia Deorum*: "Our Dante was joined in great friendship with Frederick of Aragon, King of Sicily, and the magnificent Cane della Scala, Lord of Verona." Dante may very probably have actually seen him when, on the death of Henry VII., Frederick came by sea to Pisa and refused the lordship of the city, which Uguccione afterwards accepted. In

¹ This was very probably another Moroello Malaspina, as there is documentary evidence that the Marquis of Giovagallo was more or less allied with the Florentines at this epoch. But this does not affect the argument, for it should always be remembered and insisted upon that Dante's enthusiastic admirations are by no means confined to one political party, and are frequently quite independent of any such considerations.

² *Purg.* xix. 142—145.

the earlier portion of his reign Dante thought badly of him, as we gather from a couple of scornful references in the *Convivio* and the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, passages which were undoubtedly written before 1309, since they speak of Charles II. of Naples as a reigning sovereign, who died in the May of that year. But for a while things altered when Henry of Luxemburg appeared upon the Italian stage. Frederick loyally co-operated with the Imperial forces, and on the death of Henry came forward temporarily as the champion of the Ghibelline idea. It was perhaps then that Dante believed in him, and thought of dedicating his work to him. The King's desertion of the cause quickly followed, though it was not an accomplished fact until the latter part of 1316, when he made peace with Robert of Naples. Disgusted and disillusioned, having in the meanwhile found a nobler hero in Can Grande della Scala, Dante now in the *Paradiso* poured forth the vials of his indignation and contempt upon the unfortunate Frederick: "feelings," as Dr. Moore writes, "no doubt intensified by the recollection of what he had once hoped from him." In the volume of divine judgment, the mystical Eagle tells him in Canto xix., will the true character of King Frederick be shown:

Vedrassi l'avarizia e la viltate
di quel che guarda l'isola del foco,
dove Anchise finì la lunga etate;
ed a dare ad intender quanto è poco,
la sua scrittura fien lettere mozze,
che noteranno molto in parvo loco.¹

Elsewhere I have followed the trend of contemporary criticism, and treated Fra Ilario's letter as undoubtedly spurious. Here, while still thinking its authenticity exceedingly improbable, I have tried to point out that the matter needs further investigation, that the letter (if authentic) would have to be assigned to the latter part of 1314 or the earlier part of 1315, and that at that date it is, perhaps, not altogether impossible that Dante may have intended to dedicate his poem to the three princes mentioned in the letter and by Boccaccio: before his second visit to Verona, when the magnificence and nobleness of Can Grande were to monopolize all his admiration. The picture of

¹ "The avarice and cowardice shall be seen of him who guards the Island of Fire, where Anchises ended his long life; and to give to understand how greatly paltry he is, his record shall be in abbreviated letters, which shall note much in little space." (*Par. xix. 130-135.* See also Dr. Moore on *Dante and Sicily* in the second series of *Studies in Dante.*)

the divine poet at the convent threshold is an impressive one, and once found an application in modern Italian politics. In the year 1866, while the law for the suppression of religious corporations was being discussed in the Chamber of Deputies, the deputy Ricciardi, pleading for the preservation of Camaldoli, was greeted with loud laughter from the anti-clerical benches. "I would remind my honourable colleagues who laugh," he promptly rejoined, "that the greatest of all Italians, Dante Alighieri, one day presented himself at the gates of a convent, praying for one hour of peace."

EDMUND G. GARDNER.

*Religious Art and Art Criticism:
Fashion or Principle?*

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written, not always wisely or consistently, by Ruskin and others on the subject, one may sometimes hear it said, by persons of education and intelligence, that the admiration commonly expressed for the great masterpieces of religious art is an affectation or a fashion; that there are no canons of art except certain arbitrary conventions—unintelligible to the uninitiated—which obtain among experts; that the alleged symbolism of mediæval and renaissance art is no better than a more or less fanciful interpretation which modern enthusiasts read into the productions of the painters of ages gone by; in a word, that all discussions on questions of art are futile and fore-doomed to sterility, and are consequently unworthy to engage the attention of serious men. Now, if art criticism were concerned only with the past, one might perhaps be content to leave the Philistine to the enjoyment of that most unlovely, but not uncommon form of vainglory, which makes a boast of its own superior ignorance, and which finds a kind of cynical pleasure in pooh-poohing any kind of knowledge which does not form a part of one's own mental equipment. The masterpieces of the Vatican and the Louvre, of Florence and Dresden, and Munich, and of our own National Gallery, will survive the uncritical criticism of those who are either incapable of enjoying them or unwilling to give them that attention which is an indispensable preliminary to a more than superficial appreciation of their merits.

But religious art is not merely a thing of the past. Thank God, religious art still lives, and that it should blossom into a fuller life is one of the needs of our time, a need that proclaims itself to be all the more urgent when we consider the uniquely magnificent setting which will be provided in the interior of the Westminster Basilica for the finest masterpieces of the religious

art of the twentieth century.¹ Every one will perceive the advantages of proceeding at once with some portion of the interior adornment in accordance with what has, we understand, been already determined on. But it may be assumed that the great bulk of the work will of necessity have to wait. And there may be advantages not less considerable in this delay, which may perchance give time for the formation and development of an English School of Sacred Art, a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

The development of religious art in England is then a matter of vital interest, since on it may depend the worthy adornment of the greatest monument of ecclesiastical architecture which the nineteenth century has bequeathed to the twentieth.² And what the future of religious art in England is to be will in large measure depend on the prevalence of sound views or reasoned convictions on the true purpose and character of religious art, and in the practical encouragement which may be given to artists to work on lines which deserve the approval of those who have a right to judge of such matters. And who are those who have a right to judge? Are they, alone or principally, the experts? If so, then it would have to be conceded that there is much to be said in favour of the Philistine view which we have formulated above. If experts, and experts alone, are to settle among themselves what is good and what is inferior in the domain of religious art, and if the experts will talk in a language not understood of the people, then it is very clear that the rest of us are "out of it," and that there is nothing left for us to do but to "suffer" experts patiently, if not "gladly." But we are not disposed to take this gloomy view of the situation. And we cannot do better than to take as the text for our own observations on the subject, a passage from a very thoughtful and suggestive article by Mr. R. Warwick Bond which appeared not long since in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*. The writer begins by affirming the vital relation of art to morality—as against the fanatical upholders of "Art for Art's sake;" but he goes on, as will be seen, to what is more immediately germane to our present subject.

¹ We do not forget that oil-paintings are not mosaics. But those who have visited St. Peter's in Rome will have seen for themselves that the noblest paintings can be reproduced in mosaic.

² We should have made an exception of Cologne Cathedral were it not that the completion of the Kölner Dom was, in its main features, the carrying out of a mediæval design.

The dependence of painting, and still more of music, on life and ideas, is far less close than that of poetry; a large part of their essence consisting in relations of colour and form, or in a treatment of sounds—matters very slightly, if at all, related to man's moral nature. . . . But to comprise an art wholly in this technical, non-moral aspect of it, is not possible; it must be continuous with our life, or it is nothing. Nothing that exists is entirely dissociate from our moral nature, at least as perceived by us. . . . Surely that art is highest which touches our nature at its highest, appealing to our reason and spirit; and the work which relates itself to our nobility or tenderness higher than that which merely tickles our optical or auditory nerve. This is the doctrine laid down at the beginning of *Modern Painters*, that "the greatest art is that which embodies the greatest number of the greatest ideas," and "an idea is great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind." Until it can be shown that any faculty is higher than [or as high as] the human reason, the art which cannot be brought into touch with reason stands *ipso facto* on a lower plane. By all means let the critic respect the artist's authority in technique, or the science of means; and learn from him what on this head he should report to the world. By all means let artists value most [*on this head*] the judgment of their peers, who know their difficulties. . . . But their skill is naught save as a talisman to charm or stimulate mankind; and the final judge of it is mankind, the consumer—not the ignorant, or base, indeed, but the man of general cultivation, the critic, Aristotle's *ὁ χαρίεις*. And when the critic feels that the technique, the means employed, are such as to obscure or falsify the true ends of painting, he must no longer defer to the artist's technical superiority, but must boldly pronounce that technique to be faulty and inadequate.¹

Now, if in the above passage we substitute faith for reason, or rather if we supplement what Mr. Bond has excellently said about reason in relation to art by taking into account reason as enlightened by faith, and emotion as stirred by the truths of faith, we shall, perhaps, arrive at some sound and practical conclusions. If what Mr. Bond has written be true, as it appears to us unquestionably to be, then it will follow that the highest kind of art is religious art, and that the proper judges of religious art are those for whose sake religious art is—or ought to be—exercised, viz., the Christian people; "not the ignorant or base, indeed," but those who are adequately instructed in Christian truth; *οἱ χαρίεις*, the "gracious," in the Christian sense of the term—in a word, those who are both intelligent and devout, or who are at least proximately capable

¹ R. Warwick Bond, "Ruskin the Servant of Art," in the *Contemporary Review*, October, 1900, pp. 558, 559. The italics are ours.

of being moved to devotion. Or rather, for simple and sweeping statements are apt to be more or less fallacious, these are the judges of first instance ; and this on such terms that their adverse verdict should be fatal, though their favourable verdict cannot be accepted without reference to the higher court of educated critics or to the pronouncement of still more highly qualified experts.

What has been here laid down requires, however, more careful explanation, which we will endeavour to reach by starting afresh. And this we will do by laying down the proposition that as religious literature should be in the first place religious and in the second place literary, so, too, religious art should be in the first place religious and in the second place artistic. Religion does not exist for art, nor are religion and art equal co-partners in a joint undertaking ; but art exists for religion, even as man lives, or ought to live, for God, not God for man. The Holy Father has laid stress in his recent Encyclical on the acknowledgment of the supremacy of God in the world. To acquire and to maintain a right theory of art, it is necessary to acknowledge and to uphold the supremacy of God in that department of human life and action.

If, then, art exists for religion, and if religious art is that kind of art which stands in more immediate relation to religion and is more immediately subordinate thereto, it follows that the first and most indispensable condition of religious art is that it should help devotion ; by devotion being understood the whole complexus of the right dispositions of the mind and heart towards God, and towards the divine mysteries which it has pleased Him to reveal. If it fails in this, it fails in the attainment of its primary purpose, and in the degree in which it fails it is bad or inferior. It may, perhaps, be said that a religious picture which does not help devotion may yet be excellent in other respects ; in other words, it may excel in the qualities which would commend a non-religious picture. But to this it may be replied that to treat a religious subject in a non-religious fashion is a kind of profanation, as if the vessels of the sanctuary should be used in some Belshazzar's feast. Or again, it may be urged that a religious picture may excite the devotion of the highly cultured, even though it should remain a sealed book to the poor and uneducated. But to this, again, we reply that the Gospel is preached to the poor and the simple, and that it is the business of religious art first and foremost to convey once more that same blessed message to the poor and the

simple, through the channel of visual perception. Not, indeed, to "the ignorant or the base," but to those who, like St. Luke's Theophilus, have been well "catechised" in the truths of faith.

Or, will it be said that such persons are incapable of being pleased, touched, or moved by such a work of art as would satisfy and please the experts? Such things have been said, and we must admit that if we could believe them to be true, these pages would have no justification. In Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *William George Ward and the Catholic Revival* occurs a passage which is very much indeed to our purpose, though we hasten to add that our purpose in quoting it is by no means to express unqualified agreement with Dr. Ward's somewhat trenchant remarks. The author is reporting a conversation at his father's dinner-table.

Some of the company are for keeping exclusively to the Latin liturgy. Ward, on the contrary, takes a strongly utilitarian view—whatever appeals to the largest number and makes them devout is best. And he appeals to the increase of the congregation [at Weston] as a decisive argument for the English devotions [recently introduced there]. He condemns the tyranny of students of liturgy and students of art. "Let us have popular hymns in the popular tongue. Let the ornaments of the Church be such as the people like. None of your cold marble statues. Give me a nice dressed-up doll—a big Roman painted doll." His interlocutor remarks incidentally and somewhat sententiously, "What rare things are good taste and real knowledge in art, or ritual, or music." Ward sees his advantage. "As you say, most true. Perhaps only one in a hundred can appreciate really good taste in such things." "Not one in a thousand," replies the other. "Very well," Ward replies, his premisses complete, "you tell me that certain practices—liturgical, musical, artistic—are in better taste than certain other practices. I have no doubt they are. I know nothing about such things, and you know much. You have good taste. By all means then, if you have a priest to yourself on a desert island have such practices observed. Have difficult and high-class music. Have cold, artistic statues. Have nothing but Latin services. They appeal to you, they do you good. Keep to them. But you come to our populous towns, where every possible influence is needed to make the poor better and more religious, and you tell me to keep exclusively to practices which I had supposed could benefit only one in a hundred, and which you—who know much better—say can benefit *less* than one in a thousand. Something is to be done which appeals to you and to the artistic few, and which leaves the vast multitude, who stand in far greater need of such help than you do, totally destitute of it. I call that intolerable selfishness.¹

¹ *William George Ward and the Catholic Revival*, pp. 385, 386.

Now we have not the slightest hesitation in saying that if the premisses here assumed by both parties—or rather asserted far more strongly by Dr. Ward's opponent than by himself—were true, we should be entirely of Dr. Ward's opinion, or let us say of the opinion to which Dr. Ward was pleased, after his fashion, to give so paradoxical an expression. If the devotion of our people here in England were in fact more effectively helped, or were likely in the long run to be more effectively helped, by "big painted Roman dolls" than by statues or paintings of real artistic merit, then we should vote for "big painted Roman dolls" in our churches, and for the relegation of art to the gallery and the drawing-room. But we entirely deny that this is the case. The poor and the uneducated cannot of course give a reasoned opinion on works of art, cannot be expected to distinguish at once between the first-rate and the tenth-rate if both are placed before them. But, at least as regards paintings, they will not, we believe, be found to prefer the technically tenth-rate to the technically first-rate, provided that both are of equal excellence in those non-technical particulars which appeal to them. And by those non-technical particulars which appeal to them we mean most especially all that concerns the expression of religious truth and religious emotions. The poor and the simple do not want "big Roman painted dolls." They are perfectly capable of enjoying a beautiful picture provided that its beauty is not all of the cryptic sort which it requires not merely an intelligent but an expert eye to discover, and provided that its hidden excellences are not marred for the untutored eye by some glaring fault of drawing or of posture or of perspective. These faults, we cannot too strongly insist, are not inseparable concomitants or characteristics of "high" art.

The expert then must be ready to make concessions to the man in the street, or rather—let us say—the man in the church, or (for the reference must be narrowed still more) to the man who comes to the church to pray and to worship. For his use the church has been built, for him the church must be adorned. The church has of course been built and will be adorned primarily for God, but for God as a place and an instrument of human worship.

A painting, or a mosaic, or a scheme of decoration which not only does not help but positively distracts or distresses the simple faithful, deserves to be condemned as out of place in a church. Its proper habitat is a public gallery, among *objets d'art*.

manques. The expert may have much to learn from it, the artistically-minded layman may find in it a more or less qualified satisfaction, but let it not find a place where it will do more harm than good.

Now among the historic "masterpieces" of religious art it must be confessed, we think, that a very large proportion fall under this category. Had they never been removed from the walls of the churches which they originally adorned they might well have been suffered to remain there. Continuity counts for much, and the legitimate satisfaction which men feel at the possession of a treasure may well outweigh or even obliterate the offence to the eye. Besides, what is an offence in London is not necessarily an offence in Italy, and a defect which is conspicuous when a painting is viewed from a distance of a few feet would often make itself less keenly felt if the same painting occupied the position for which it was intended. But it is one thing to leave a painting where it first stood, and quite another thing to set up, in another church, and amid quite different surroundings, a reproduction, however perfect, of the same *chef-d'œuvre*. We do not say that this should never be done. On the contrary, it seems to us in the highest degree desirable that, in the comparative dearth of contemporary religious art, a much fuller use should be made of reproductions of certain selected works of the "old masters" for the adornment of our churches. But there are many of these works which, for one reason or another, can hardly be regarded as aids to devotion; and for these we would find no place.

But there is certainly no reason why the pictorial expression of the deepest religious feeling should not be combined with the highest technical and artistic excellence. Take as an example the unsurpassed *Pietà* of Francia, which we hold to be the nearest approach to an ideally perfect religious picture which is to be seen in our National Gallery. It is easy to see, and to say, that the drawing is not perfect; and we are not going to pretend that the abnormal lengthening of the recumbent figure is a point of artistic beauty. It may be or it may not. That is a question of taste on which freedom of judgment may surely be allowed. Nor do we pretend to say precisely in what particular this wonderful painting falls short of the artistic perfection of the *Madonna degli Ansdei*, the market value of which is so immensely greater. That it does fall short of Raffaello's masterpiece we willingly concede to the experts,

But as against the experts we claim that the Francia is a better work of religious art as such. It appeals to the simple faithful and it possesses, over and above, abundance of qualities which none but experts can appreciate. This is as it should be. The Ansidei Madonna excites greater admiration among the experts; but it fails to appeal, in the same degree as the Francia, to the devotional instincts of the simple faithful. A perfect work of religious art should combine perfect expression with perfect technical skill. Where both cannot be had, the former is immeasurably the more important, therefore, as it should be the first aim of the artist, so it should be the first criterion of the critic.

Take another case. The expression of mutual reverence has perhaps never been more perfectly achieved in any painting than in the fresco of the Annunciation, by Fra Angelico, which adorns the walls of S. Marco at Florence, at the head of the principal staircase. It is a picture which has many faults, or at least many shortcomings. On the other hand, Fra Filippo Lippi's Annunciation at the National Gallery is (we suppose), technically speaking, superior on the whole to Fra Angelico's fresco. The composition of the picture may perhaps be regarded as perfect, the idea of clothing both Mary and the Angel in raiment of surpassing yet subdued splendour is carried out with extraordinary skill. But in facial expression the elaborate work of Lippi falls short of the far simpler production of Angelico; and facial expression is of more importance than composition, or than technical skill in the depicting of embroidery. As a work of religious art the Annunciation of Fra Angelico is, in our opinion, to be preferred; but so far as we can see there is no reason whatever in the nature of things why the good qualities of both pictures should not be combined in a single work.

These remarks will seem to some of our readers crude and elementary. But a firm adherence to elementary principles would, if we mistake not, do much to put an end to what threaten to be interminable and fruitless discussions on religious art. The danger is, on the other hand, lest the experts, in their admiration of the "old masters," should take even the defects of their works for excellences, should call upon others to admire them, and should reproduce them with exaggeration. This, surely, was the one among the many faults of the pre-Raphaelites. And the danger, on the other hand, is lest the

unsympathetic layman, blinded to the real beauties of the masterpieces of past ages by their obvious defects, and assuming (not without some excuse) that the defects are an essential feature of "high art," should undervalue art in itself and should discourage, by half-concealed or it may be by loudly expressed contempt, the earnest efforts of those who entertain high hopes for the future. Criticism of the cynically supercilious kind is not only irritating, but positively mischievous, inasmuch as it tends to discourage and disconcert where sympathetic encouragement is most urgently needed. That religious art has a great future before it, or rather that it ought to have such a future, is our firm belief. With the immensely increased facilities of travel and the immeasurably improved means of reproduction which are part of the legacy of the nineteenth century, there are now accessible to the young religious artist means of self-education which were denied to his predecessors in earlier days; and in addition to this he has within comparatively easy reach all the mechanical helps and appliances which he needs. What is needed is encouragement, a widespread demand, and an intelligent grasp of elementary principles. The productions of the religious, no less than of the profane artist, should be genuinely and intelligibly beautiful. There is room for idealization, and room for symbolism, but for the stiff, the angular, the grotesque, the purely conventional, there should be no place at all in the art of the future, unless indeed in the course of time new conventions should develop themselves which will be in harmony with new conditions. But by the conventions of past ages, with which our own days have no artistic continuity, there is no reason whatever why we should be bound.

A promising beginning has more than once been made during the century that has passed away. The names of Overbeck, Deger, Ittenbach, Karl and Franz Müller, and in later days of Hofmann and Plockhorst, speak for themselves. And now in the great Abbey of Beuron a strenuous effort is being made to revive the best traditions of Christian art, and to avoid some at least of those mediæval and renaissance mannerisms which are defects, and not points of excellence. We do not venture to say that the Beuron school have yet achieved complete success. But they have done enough to set an example, and to encourage hopes for the future.

H. LUCAS.

Our Popular Devotions.

II.—THE ROSARY.

VIII.—THE REBUTTING EVIDENCE.

BEFORE turning to the immediate subject of this section, it seems desirable to supplement the list of anomalies in my last article with two or three other headings. They may be numbered continuously with those which have preceded, and they extend still further the problems of that stupendous conspiracy of silence, which upon the received theory of Dominican authorship is so unaccountable.

IX. *The Lives of early Dominican Saints.*—St. Dominic himself is not the only Saint of his Order of whom we possess tolerably complete knowledge. We are more or less fully informed concerning the history of Blessed Albertus Magnus,¹ St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Raymund of Pennafort, St. Peter Martyr, St. Catherine of Siena, Blessed Jordan, Blessed Henry Suso, St. Margaret of Hungary, Blessed Giles of Portugal, &c., and later of St. Vincent Ferrer and St. Antoninus of Florence. There is not one of these Dominican Saints who can be shown unequivocally to have said the Rosary. How is it that St. Catherine of Siena in her voluminous spiritual correspondence, so much of which has been preserved to us, never once chances to mention it? Can we imagine a modern Dominican nun observing so complete a silence regarding the principal devotion of her Order. It is true that we hear in one or two cases of the use of a "paternoster," but as Father Esser has abundantly shown,² it must not be inferred that this necessarily meant an instrument for saying the

¹ See especially Father Von Loë, O.P., in the *Analecta Bollandiana*, 1900, pp. 257, seq.

² *Zur Archæologie der Paternoster-schnur*, pp. 330, 338, seq. Father Esser believes and proves that such instruments were used for counting Our Fathers and other prayers quite independently of the Rosary. They were common to seculars and Religious of all Orders.

Rosary, while the very manner in which it is spoken of shows that it was no essential part of a Dominican's outfit.¹ The only case in which, so far as I know, the Rosary is explicitly mentioned or clearly described is that of Blessed Clara Gambacorta,² but the writers who draw attention to this fact³ do not always go on to explain that this Dominican Saint learned to say the Rosary when a child before her marriage, and that no further mention of it occurs in her after-life as a nun.

Moreover, there is much recorded about the devotional practices of many early Dominicans which appears to me distinctly inconsistent with the idea of any pre-eminent recognition of the Rosary amongst them. Take, for instance, the case of Brother Romeo of Levia, a contemporary of their holy Founder. "The name of Mary," says Mother Drane, "was ever on his lips, every day he recited kneeling 1,000 Hail Marys which he counted on a knotted cord."⁴ Blessed Benvenuta Bojani,⁵ who was under Dominican direction even before she became a nun, used to say as a child 1,000 Hail Marys each day to our Lady (2,000 on Saturdays), as well as 700 *Paters* and 700 *Aves*, each 100 *Paters* and *Aves* being offered for a different intention. Similarly we are told of Blessed Margaret of Hungary, O.P., that on the vigils of the feasts of our Lord, &c., she said 1,000 Our Fathers, prostrate on the ground, and 1,000 Hail Marys on the vigils of the feasts of our Lady.⁶ The daily recitation of 1,000 Hail Marys is also recorded of

¹ The case of the Dominican nun, Sister Eligenta, is conclusive. (Esser, l.c. p. 348.) She longed to have a pair of beads (*paternoster*), but had not the money to buy one and she dared not ask her Superior. But God took compassion on her and sent miraculously the three coins (*denarii*) she needed.

² "Nunc flexis genibus *rosarium* dicere." This Life was written by a contemporary after Blessed Clara's death in 1419.

³ See Father Procter, *Rosary Guide*, 1901, p. 26, where Gambacorta is an obvious misprint. He also tells us that "Dominican Saints [unfortunately they are not named] recited the Rosary in the thirteenth century," and that "Blessed Almia (*sic*) (1314) daily gave fifteen loaves of bread to the poor in honour of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary." (p. 28.) But the Life of Blessed Emilia is a compilation of very late date, and Echard fully admits that the statement is worthless as evidence: "Novitium est et recentius adinventum, neque enim ulla (est) quindecim mysteriorum Rosarii memoria ante Alanum de Rupe," &c. (*Scriptores O.P.* ii. 845.) He adds that in another earlier Life of Blessed Emilia there is no trace of it. How utterly improbable is the recognition of our fifteen definite mysteries as early as 1314, may be judged from one or two specimens of Rosary pictures of 1492 and 1520 which I have reproduced in this article.

⁴ *Life of St. Dominic*, p. 301; Cf. Esser, *Paternoster-schnur*, p. 338; Echard, *Scriptores O.P.* i. 161.

⁵ *Acta Sanctorum*, Oct. vol. xiii. p. 153.

⁶ Ferd. Castillo, O.P., *Historia General de San Domingo*, bk. iii. ch. 2.



THE FIRST ROSARY PICTURE BOOK.

Specimen page (reduced) from Nitzschewitz, *Novum B. Virginis Psalterium*, began in 1489 for the Emperor Frederick III. and printed in 1492, at the expense of the Emperor Maximilian, "non sine modico sumptu" (*sic*). This was the earliest of the Rosary picture books in which a separate mystery, or "miraculum," was assigned to each Hail Mary and accompanied with a picture. The above is taken from the first part of the Rosary, what we should now call the Joyful Mysteries, and represents our Lord in the desert among the beasts.

At the top of the page may be read the *clausula* intended to be inserted in the Hail Mary. In the border on the left we see the Emperor Frederick. (The youthful Maximilian will be seen in the border of another page reproduced later, p. 184.) The lower border represents in this case a band of Carthusians, bathed in streams of rays, with roses and pomegranates.

certain Dominican nuns of Unterlinden, near Colmar, and of Kirchberg, near Haigerloch.¹ And yet with all this and much more, never a mention of the Rosary as such. Surely amongst Religious who prized the Rosary above all else we should have expected to find a statement that they repeated the Rosary say twenty times, not an enumeration of simple Hail Marys by the thousand counted on a knotted cord. Still more conclusive is the case of the Blessed Marcolino di Forli. Of this famous Dominican preacher, who died in 1397, Cardinal John Domenici, O.P., in 1398 writes to the General of the Order, Raymund of Capua, a letter still extant in which the following passage occurs :

When he (Blessed Marcolino) was quite broken down with age and infirmity he had a lad to wait upon him in his cell, from whom he could not hide the devotions which he practised. The boy observed that he used continually to pray before a statue of our Lady with the Divine Child in his cell, saying 100 Our Fathers and the same number of Hail Marys, holding in his hands, priest of God though he was, a paternoster of 100 (beads), just as if he were a lay-brother.²

I would ask the reader to observe in this letter of an illustrious Dominican to another illustrious Dominican about a Dominican Saint, both the implied surprise that a priest should count his prayers on a string of beads as lay-brothers did, and secondly the fact that the prayers so counted were not the Rosary but an equal number of *Paters* and *Aves*.

And if we may turn for a moment to St. Dominic himself, the surprise of John Domenici agrees thoroughly with the absence of the faintest suggestion of any such devotion in the elaborate account we possess of the founder's nine methods of prayer.

Perhaps [says Mother Drane] of no Saint have there been preserved more minute particulars of the methods of prayer which he practised himself and taught to his brethren. These form the subject of a

¹ Esser, *Paternoster-schnur*, p. 334. Of the existence among the Dominicans of this practice of saying 1,000 Hail Marys we have abundant evidence. How is it we have no evidence of the practice of saying 150 Hail Marys with 15 Our Fathers?

² "Quidam puerulus, eo jam decrepito, assistebat in cella, a quo non poterat sacras devotiones abscondere. Hic perceperat, quod in cella ante quandam imaginem Virginis Matris dilectum filium tenentem in ulnis sedule orabat dicens centum Pater Noster et totidem Ave Maria, paternoster more conversorum, quamvis esset Dei sacerdos, habens apud se centum." (Quoted by Esser, *Paternoster-schnur*, p. 339, from Plantamura, *Comment. hist. apol.* p. 222.)

distinct treatise which is added by Theodoric as a kind of appendix to his Life of the Saint, but which is supposed by the Bollandists to have been written by Father Gerard, Provincial of Lombardy, who gathered his information from the familiar companions of the holy Father and specially from Sister Cecelia. . . . In the library at Carcassonne is preserved a very ancient MS. of Father Gerard's



**Van wien die hemelsche vader ge-
rupch gaf ende die heylige gheest op
hem neder dāelde inder ghedacnte
eenredune.**

¶ Ave maria

PAGE OF DUTCH ROSARY PICTURE BOOK.

c. 1520. Natural size.

Baptism of our Lord, from the Joyful Mysteries.

"Of whom the Heavenly Father gave testimony and sent the Holy Ghost down upon Him in the form of a dove."

treatise, in which all the methods of prayer used by the Saint are illustrated by figures, showing the different positions he assumed at these times.¹

And yet in this little treatise, as any reader can see for himself who consults the original,² there is no hint of that special form of prayer of which St. Dominic has been so widely

¹ Drane, *Life of St. Dominic*, p. 257 and p. 261, note.

² It is printed entire in the *Acta Sanctorum*, Aug. vol. i. pp. 629—632.

proclaimed the first author and inventor. Surely the most determined champion of the received tradition must allow that the fact is not a little astonishing.

IX.—RECORDS OF THE ALBIGENSIAN CRUSADE.

Again it is impossible not to be struck by the entire absence of any mention of the Rosary in the voluminous literature connected with the Albigensian heresy. We have long histories of Simon de Montfort's crusade both in prose and in verse. There is much material relating to the action of the Dominican Inquisitors who after the time of St. Dominic were employed to extirpate the remains of this heresy and to preach to the people. We are told that the Rosary was the Heaven-prescribed remedy which was to be used to counteract the poison, and yet no one has found the tiniest allusion to it in any of these records, covering a period of nearly a hundred years, though in one form or another they bring before us the greatest variety of topics, and though the Dominicans were beset by hostile critics who would have been sure to cavil at any unwonted method of prayer with which they conspicuously identified themselves. Here again it must be said that only those can appreciate the force of the argument who have looked into the voluminous literature¹ themselves, and have come to realize how thorough are the methods of M. l'Abbé Douais or M. Hauréau in dealing with these subjects. Naturally there is no mention of Rosary Confraternities where there is no mention of the Rosary itself, but we do find in the fourteenth century mention of a great Confraternity of St. Peter Martyr, specially directed by the Dominicans against the Albigenses, and endowed with the fullest participation in the merits and suffrages of the Order,² a fact which only makes the absence of allusion to any kind of Rosary organization the more surprising.

But it is now high time to turn to the rebutting evidence by which defenders of the tradition have sought to show that the silence of the early centuries is not so complete as alleged. One critic of my articles has stated that "there is direct

¹ See e.g., Douais, *L'Albigisme et les Frères Prêcheurs à Narbonne*, Paris, 1894, and *Les Hérétiques du comté de Toulouse*, &c., Paris, 1891; Hauréau, *Bernard Dillieux et l'Inquisition Albigeoise* (1877); Ehrle, *Petrus Johannes Olivi sein Leben und seine Schriften* (1887); C. Molinier, *L'Inquisition dans le midi de la France*, &c.

² Douais, *L'Albigisme*, &c., pp. 111 and 142.

testimony connecting the name of St. Dominic with the Rosary in the period specified by our opponent." He has not yet produced such testimony, but I propose to comment briefly, as far as space allows, upon all the facts I have seen cited in defence of the commonly accepted view.

Not the least remarkable feature in the history of this controversy is that more than one of the attempts made to produce evidence in favour of the tradition have avowedly proved to be fraudulent. In illustration of this I may begin by referring the reader to a statement which he will still find printed in a footnote to the Life of St. Dominic in Butler's *Lives of the Saints*.¹ The origin of the Rosary, says Dr. Butler, must be due to St. Dominic, because "it is ascribed to him by Luminosi de Aposa, who had often heard him preach at Bologna, and who describes the solemn devotion and Confraternity of the Rosary instituted there by the same St. Dominic Guzman." It has now long been recognized that the testimony of Luminosi de Aposa is a pure fabrication. Benedict XIV., then Archbishop of Bologna, and himself an ardent champion of the Dominican tradition, declares in his *De Festis* that this Bolognese evidence is quite worthless, though he is careful to state his belief that it was forged, not by the Dominicans themselves, but by some members of another Religious Order.²

Passing to more serious testimony, the earliest in point of time is the fresco alleged to have existed in the parish church of Muret,³ in which St. Dominic was depicted receiving the rosary from our Lady's hands. Although I have discussed this at some length in my last article, a reperusal of Mamachi's statement has strongly confirmed me in the belief that the rosary was added in the course of a sixteenth century restoration. The figure of St. Dominic in the fresco had both hands upraised. This was most probably the arrangement of the primitive picture, for we are told by Bernard Guidonis of Bishop

¹ I have before me a Dublin Edition of 1845, vol. viii. p. 74.

² Speaking of the Life of St. Dominic by Father Tournon, O.P., who had made much of these Bolognese chronicles, Lambertini says: "Si auctores illi cujusmodi sint, novisset, ut ipsi novimus, non clam illis fuisset quosdam non ex Dominicana, sed ex alia sacra Familia, supposititios illos auctores effinxisse." (Lib. ii. cap. 12, n. 9.) One is glad to point out, in thorough agreement with the words of this distinguished Pope, that the very strength of the negative evidence against the early existence of the Rosary proves that the Dominican Order have published their records without interpolations and with absolute fidelity to the authentic texts.

³ In my last article I have inadvertently spoken of the chapel as dedicated to St. James. It was the church itself which was dedicated to St. James.

Fulk¹ and of St. Dominic that they spent the time of the battle praying in the church of Muret, "their hands, like those of Moses, raised to Heaven."² But the fresco, as seen in the eighteenth century, when we first hear of it, showed St. Dominic receiving the rosary with one hand, while with the other *he held aloft a crucifix pierced with arrows*. Now this second feature



**Ope vanden heylighen gheest ghe-
leyt wort inder woestinen ende val-
te xl. daghen en xl. nachten.**

V Ave maria.

DUTCH ROSARY PICTURE BOOK.

c. 1520. Natural size.

Our Lord in the Desert, from the Joyful Mysteries.

"Who was led by the Holy Ghost into the desert and fasted xl days and xl nights."

we may pronounce with absolute confidence to be the work of a later restorer. The highest Dominican authorities confess that the story of St. Dominic mingling, crucifix in hand, with the combatants in the thick of the battle, is a fabrication of a later age, and that the arrow-pierced crucifix, still preserved at

¹ Bishop Fulk, of Toulouse, also appears in the fresco.

² See Balme and Lelaidier, *Chartulaire de St. Dominique*, vol. i. p. 415. I cannot make out why the editors on p. 423 translate this "levant les yeux vers le ciel." The Latin text they print says clearly "levantes manus."

Toulouse as a relic of the Saint, is not authentic.¹ But if the cross in the one hand is a later addition, surely there is every reason to suspect the genuineness of the rosary in the other.

It is a curious fact that in Toulouse, where the Dominicans are said to have preserved a copy of this fresco, the Franciscans also possessed a picture representing our Lady giving the rosary to St. Francis and St. Clare. The Dominicans appealed to ecclesiastical authority and ultimately obtained a decree from Alexander VII. forbidding the Franciscan picture to be exhibited in public.² Is it possible that this incident in any of its phases may have led at Toulouse and Muret to the restoration of which we have been speaking?

Next in order among the evidences on the side of the tradition may be cited a copy of certain rough Latin verses written, it is believed, shortly after the Albigensian crusade. They allude briefly to the part played in the campaign by St. Dominic, but their purport is obscure and evasive. The only words which have any bearing on the present question are the following:

Dominicus rosas afferre
Dum incipit tam humilis
Dominicus coronas conferre
Statim apparat agilis.³

There is reference in the context to the Battle of Muret, in which, however, Dominic took no direct part, and even if the text be transcribed accurately, I do not believe that anything more is meant than that Dominic stood by ready to crown the victors with roses. Readers of the romances of the middle ages, or even of Chaucer, will know how familiar

¹ See the note of Fathers Balme and Lelaidier, op. cit. pp. 423, 424. They say, "Le crucifix de Toulouse, qui paraît être du quinzième siècle, ne serait en définitive que l'expression de la confiance absolue des fidèles de ce temps-là aux témoignages extrahistoriques sur Saint Dominique que l'on trouve dans les œuvres du B. Alain de la Roche."

² The incident is discussed by Lambertini in his *Votum*, n. 38. He refers for the details to Percin, *Historia Convent. Tolosan.*

³ "Dominic, the while, so lowly, begins to bring roses, Dominic, so nimble, straightway prepares to bestow garlands." The poem, first printed by Benoist in his *Vie de St. Dominique*, is copied by Mamachi, *Annales*, vol. i. p. 317. In the *Irish Rosary*, the verses are thus rendered:

Now humble Dominic, fired with active zeal,
Came woes and wounds of heresy to heal.
The perfumed roses of our Lady's prayer,
Her chaplets, too, his balm and unguents were.

I fear that the readers of this version will be very shocked at my perversity in rejecting such overwhelmingly plain evidence.

was the use of such rose-garlands,¹ especially in chivalrous Provence, and how naturally picturesque metaphors arising from this usage suggested themselves to a southern imagination. The very reason why the word rosary (*Rosenkranz*) came to be employed in connection with the Psalter of our Lady, was precisely because a crown of roses was an ordinary tribute of admiration and respect. Moreover, in this case again, we are entirely dependent upon an eighteenth century copyist. The original text has disappeared, no other manuscript is known to exist. The transcriber was a Dominican, fully persuaded of the truth of the current tradition. We need not for a moment doubt Father Benoist's good faith, but it is difficult to attach serious importance to a mere allusion brought forward under such circumstances. Given a faulty and ill-written manuscript, and a transcriber fully persuaded that an allusion to the rosary after St. Dominic's name is the most likely thing in the world, it is easy to understand how the letters *ro*, say, and a smudge will unhesitatingly be copied *rosas*, and how *Dmñs* will be read *Dominus* or *Dominicus* as the decipherer judges best to suit the sense. No one who has any practical acquaintance with mediæval manuscripts, who knows the misadventures which attend their transcription, and the coincidences which are stumbled upon occasionally by any one in search of evidence, will attach importance to a vague reference of this sort. The much greater marvel would be if after all the search that has been made, no such points should be found which need further elucidation.²

About the famous will of Anthony Sers, I should have had much to say; and, indeed, some pages on the subject were already in type, intended for my last article, from which they were excluded by lack of space. But now it appears that the case is undefended. After the genuineness of this document has been insisted upon by one writer after another for a century

¹ A modern writer says of this period: "L'usage des chapeaux de roses et de fleurs était si général que ce fut une profession particulière d'en faire ou d'en vendre." (C. Joret, *La Rose dans l'Antiquité et au moyen âge*, p. 417.) "Il n'y avait point de cérémonie d'éclat," says Le Grand d'Aussy, "où l'on ne portât un chapel ou chapeau de roses." (*Histoire de la Vie privée des Français*, vol. ii. p. 245.) Cf. the Sompnour in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and the poem called *The Flower and the Leaf*, l. 236, &c., also Roquefort, *De la Poésie Française dans les XII. et XIII. siècles*, p. 94.

² It is not worth while to embark on a series of conjectural emendations, but I feel strongly convinced that the third line should read "*Dominus coronas conferre*." The antithesis, the rhythm, the analogy of a previous stanza, all suggest it. Is it seemly to say that Dominic conferred chaplets on God or our Blessed Lady?

and a half, I find the following footnote in an article published by a Dominican Father in the *Irish Rosary* for January, 1901 :

We do not rely on Anthony Sers' will. It appears it is a forgery. We are credibly informed that after the publication of Mamachi's work, one of his co-operators, Christophoulo (*sic*), discovered that he had been imposed upon, that the *soi disant* will had been maliciously put into certain archives in order to deceive the Dominicans. He [? which—Mamachi or his collaborator?] at once published a statement showing that he had acted in unsuspecting belief, and that the will was a mere fabrication.

Astonishment was, I think, my predominant feeling in reading this avowal. Perhaps it was because I came to it fresh from a perusal of the many folio pages of Mamachi in which, both in the Preface and in the body of his work, he defends laboriously and with no little warmth the unimpeachable character of this preposterous document.¹ How is it, one is tempted to ask, that Mamachi's prompt retraction obtained so little attention? Where did it appear? In what terms was it made? One opens the *Rosary Guide*, published, so the title-page tells us, in this year of grace, 1901, "by the Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S.T.L., Provincial of the Dominicans in England," and censored by "F. Albertus Buckler, O.P., S.T.M., and F. Raymundus Palmer, O.P., S.T.M.," and one finds Sers' will twice quoted as proving the existence of Rosary confraternities in the very year of the coming of the Friars to England, and also, strange to say, as referred to by Benedict XIV. (!) and by Mabillon (!!).² Père Danzas, O.P., whose alleged "extraordinary care and diligence in the critical examination of the whole subject," I have more than once referred to, was also presumably quite unaware of his fellow-Dominican's retraction,

¹ In the pages intended for my last article, and now happily superfluous, I remarked that the most damaging blow to the credit of Anthony Sers' will would be the publication of a translation of the complete Spanish text. On occasion of a mere bequest to the supposed Rosary Confraternity, "founded by the good Dominic Guzman," a whole fictitious genealogy of the Saint is dragged in, including his descent from "Neomenos, King of Great Britain," while many items of valuable information about the most crucial historical problems are distributed casually through eight or nine folio pages. And this in a *will* of 1221, written before St. Dominic's death!!! What can we possibly think of the critical acumen of the writers who hotly espoused the cause of such a document and quoted it as conclusive evidence? Yet these are the men whose judgment we are asked to trust implicitly in such matters as the Constitutions of the Ghent Beguines or the "rose" verses quoted just above. Needless to add that scholars, like Father Esser, O.P., and Father von Loë, O.P., fight very shy of the will of Anthony Sers.

² *The Rosary Guide*, pp. 7 and 27.

for he lays the greatest stress on this testimony. Following him, Mother Drane says :

There exists one document of undoubted authenticity, which we have reserved for the last link in our chain of evidence, and which proves beyond dispute that at least one Confraternity of the Holy Rosary was established by St. Dominic. The document referred to is the will and testament of a certain Anthony Sers, &c.¹

This deservedly popular Life has been recently translated, I may note, into both French and German under Dominican auspices. So in Holland, in the *Life of St. Dominic*, by Father D. Wijntjes, O.P. (1883), Sers' will is again appealed to as conclusive.² What is more, in a paper read before the International Catholic Congress at Fribourg, the home of Dominican erudition, in 1897, M. l'Abbé Duffaut, while admitting that St. Dominic can only have taught the Rosary "rarely, with reserve, and in some sense privately," and that he "was far from making it an institution of his Order," throws the whole stress of the proof that he did teach it at all, on the will of Anthony Sers.³

Whether disavowed or not, this document which is now openly confessed to be a forgery, has been quoted scores of times since by Dominican writers of the highest name and bore by far the principal part in that alleged refutation of the Bollandists by Mamachi which my critics consider to have been so decisive. Let us hope that from henceforth Anthony Sers' will may disappear from the controversy.

The question of the Beguine Constitutions of Ghent, already discussed in my second article, need hardly be touched upon again. In regard to St. Dominic's connection with the Rosary they prove absolutely nothing. Their importance concerns only the date of the use of meditations as an integral part of the devotion. Let it suffice then to call attention to these four points which cannot, I think, be disputed.

(a) The Constitutions and the *Psalterium*⁴ of the Ghent

¹ *Life of St. Dominic*, p. 133.

² *Leven van den Heiligen Dominicus*, p. 106.

³ "Ce testament a été publié par Mamachi. L'original était conservé aux archives du Collège St. Jacques à Palencia en Espagne. Une copie certifiée conforme par un auditeur de nonciature en Espagne et par un procureur du roi auprès de la cour suprême de Madrid est déposée aux archives générales des Frères Prêcheurs. . . . Le testament de Sers nous paraît décisif." (Duffaut, p. 48.)

⁴ I am inclined to conjecture that the Beguine *Psalterium* spoken of by Fathers Robyn and Echart, and the *Psalterium* referred to in the Life of the Poor Clare, Colette Boilet, who, be it noted, also died at Ghent, (1447) (See Esser, *Paternoster*,

Beguines have now disappeared. The two Fathers de Buck, the Bollandists, some years back, as I am informed, vainly tried



THE LAST JUDGMENT.

From Nitzschewitz (reduced). One of the Glorious Mysteries.

Cf. THE MONTH, December, 1900, p. 627.

schmur, p. 341), represent the same kind of book. It was a volume, I believe, containing these very meditations or "mysteries" which were to be read aloud by the presiding Beguine before each Our Father and Hail Mary. A specimen of this method survives perhaps in the book called *Speculum Rosariorum*. These "mysteries" were intermediate in length between the *clausula* of Dominic the Carthusian and the protracted discourse with a "type" for the Old Testament which we find in the Rosary book of Nitzschewitz, *Novum beate Virginis Psalterium*. (See the reproduction on p. 174). The prevalence of the use of these mysteries, (Nitzschewitz calls them *miracula*) for each Hail Mary probably caused the great popularity in the next century of Rosary picture-books, in which each Hail Mary was illustrated by a special picture of the mystery. Nitzschewitz (1490) was the earliest of the class. The book was ordered by the Emperor Frederick III., and after his death was produced at the expense of his son, Maximilian. Next perhaps, in order of time, comes the little Dutch book of which two specimens are given on pp. 176, 179.

to find the MSS. at Ghent, and a similar effort recently made by Father Iweins, O.P., has met with the like ill-success.

(b) Father Echard, who, relying on this Beguinage *Psalterium*, retracted his opinion of the late origin of the Rosary meditations, never saw the MS. himself, but accepted the report of Father Robyn.

(c) Father Esser having all this before his eyes has deliberately gone back to the opinion which Father Echard retracted, treating the evidence of the Ghent Beguinage as worthless.

(d) It is certain that the Flemish of the Constitutions as now preserved to us, is not Flemish of the thirteenth century, but of a very much later date.¹

I must pass rapidly over the supposed Papal documents of early date which are declared to connect the Rosary with the Dominicans. Something has already been said on the subject. In brief, the answer amounts to this, that whenever we have before us the text of the document referred to, as in the case of Indulgences of Alexander IV., we find on examination that there is not a single word about the Rosary. It is neither explicitly mentioned nor indirectly alluded to. In the other cases, notably the Indulgences stated in the Bull *Dum Ineffabilis* of Sixtus V., to have been granted to Rosary confraternities, by Urban IV. (1261—64), and John XXII. (1316—1334), we can only reply that no trace of these documents now exists or has ever been produced. There is no confirmatory evidence of any kind outside the revelations of Alan de Rupe, which the framers of the Bull probably accepted too rashly as reliable testimony.

A similar passing reference is all that I can now spare for the assumed Dominican allusions to the Rosary, *e.g.*, in the Life of St. Agnes de Montepulciano, Blessed Clare of Gambacorta, and the rest, as well as for the few rare instances of the effigies of Dominicans on tombs where a rosary is shown. If these features were peculiar to the Friars Preachers alone, some argument might be drawn from them to connect the Rosary specially with the Order, but we find that the same allusions, the same monuments are common to other Religious

¹ Competent Flemish scholars whom I have consulted speak unhesitatingly upon this point. Here is the specimen quoted by Mamachi, *Append. coll. 225*: "De gone, die al soo ontfangen is, wort gehauden alle daegen te lesen dry hoedekens, die men noemt onse lieve Vrouwe Sauter, sonder dees te saellieren ten waere by redelicke nootsaekelickheyt."

bodies, and to seculars who had no relations whatever with Dominicans. Moreover, the mere mention of a set of paternoster beads, as both Father Esser, O.P., and Father von Loë, O.P., readily avow, cannot possibly be taken as a proof that the persons who used them or who are depicted with them said the Rosary of five Our Fathers and fifty Hail Marys.

Lastly we come to the most striking example of all, one that is typical of the kind of argument with which the traditional view has been almost uniformly defended.¹ It is as though the writers were agreed that any stick was good enough to beat a Bollandist with, and that they were consequently dispensed from verifying references and from troubling themselves to secure accuracy.

In almost every book which defends the traditional origin of the Rosary the reader will find a foremost place assigned to the testimony of Thomas à Kempis. It is so, for instance, in Father Procter's *Rosary Guide*, published a few weeks since. He tells us that :

Thomas à Kempis writes in his Chronicle of the Monastery of St. Agnes of the formation of a Confraternity of the Rosary at the University of Cologne, in 1475, or rather [he adds], it was only renewed, for we read that it was preached by the holy Father St. Dominic, although for a time it had fallen into neglect. (P. 96, Chron. St. Agnes.)

Thomas à Kempis is a name to conjure with, and so we find Father Danzas improving the occasion and setting forth the subject in these words :

Let us leave to a celebrated personage who lived in the neighbourhood the task of recording the inauguration of this confraternity. Is it a novelty, or is it an institution of old times ? Every one will agree that Thomas à Kempis is in a position to form a sound judgment upon the point. A witness of the past, for he is now nearing the close of a long career, he is also a witness with local knowledge, for he lives in the district of the Lower Rhine. Now he expresses himself thus.²

Then follows the statement already quoted about the foundation of the confraternity at Cologne. Mother Drane writes in similar terms, quoting Benedict XIV. and Mabillon, and so

¹ Of course there are conspicuous exceptions. Father Esser's contributions to the subject, for instance, are thoroughly painstaking and scholarly. I am pleased to bear my testimony to this, even though I find myself differing from him upon many details, and notably upon the cardinal point of St. Dominic's connection with the Rosary.

² Danzas, *Etudes*, vol. iv, p. 368.

does M. l'Abbé Duffaut, who calls à Kempis an eye-witness. Now it so happens that à Kempis died in 1471, four years before the event he is cited as vouching for, and turning to the Chronicle of St. Agnes, one was prepared to find that Benedict XIV., Père Danzas, and the rest, had carelessly attributed to à Kempis personally an entry which was really made by the continuator of his chronicle. But the book itself, when



THE DEMONIACS AND THE GERASENIAN SWINE.

From Nitzschewitz (Natural size).

One of the Joyful Mysteries.

consulted, proves to contain not a word on the subject. The death of à Kempis is prominently recorded under 1471, but there is no sort of reference in 1475 either to Cologne or the Rosary, or St. Dominic.

A glance at Mabillon explains the mystery. The great Benedictine gives his references in the margin, and one of these, citing the Chronicle of St. Agnes for quite a different purpose, happens to stand near a statement about St. Dominic and the Rosary. Prosper Lambertini takes à Kempis for the author of the latter passage, and twice over in his works quotes the words as written by à Kempis. Then Danzas, without of course looking up the reference, follows Benedict XIV., Mother Drane, like several other writers, follows Danzas, and Father Procter presumably follows Mother Drane. In this

way for a hundred and fifty years together à Kempis has been quoted as bearing witness to an event which happened four years after his death, and as vouching for a tradition which he probably had never heard of. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that this procedure is thoroughly characteristic of the spirit in which the question of the origin of the Rosary has been studied by most of the writers to whom I am now replying.

It will be instructive, I think, to print here a summary of the evidence relied upon by the upholders of the tradition.

<i>Evidence.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Cited by.</i>	<i>Comment.</i>
Memoirs of Luminosi de Aposa	c. 1213	Touren, Alban Butler.	Confessedly a forgery.
Fresco at Muret	... after 1213	Benedict XIV., Danzas, von Loë, &c.	Original now destroyed. Rosary a late addition.
Verses on St. Dominic	after 1213	Benoist, Mamachi, Esser, von Loë, &c.	Original MS. disappeared. Text vague and untrustworthy.
Will of Anthony Sers	1221	Mamachi, Danzas, Drane, Procter, &c.	Confessedly a forgery.
Constitutions of Ghent Beguines.	1234	Echard, Mamachi, Danzas, Procter, &c., but not Esser or von Loë.	Original MS. disappeared, pointedly ignored by Esser.
Papal documents	... 13th and 14th cents.	Benedict XIV., Danzas, Procter, &c.	No single extant text mentions or alludes to the Rosary.
Biographies or brasses showing that Dominicans used paternoster beads.	14th and 15th cents.	Mamachi, Danzas, Procter, &c.	Not peculiar to Dominicans. Quite uncertain if really the Rosary.
Thomas à Kempis	... 1475	Benedict XIV., Danzas, Drane, Procter, &c.	A fiction. He died four years earlier.

HERBERT THURSTON.

One Woman's Work.

CHAPTER X.

IT was a real joy to Joan Loraine to turn her back on London the life in which jarred on her the more she saw of it. She would have hailed any country life with delight, but Brooke-thorpe was full of special attractions of its own. The old manor-house, in spite of its modern and incongruous fittings, was historically delightful to her as a Catholic; and she spent much of her unoccupied time in ferreting about the place and conjuring up pictures of the past, only waiting for Swithin to endow them with life; for he had bound her down by a promise to leave certain portions unexplored, and to restrain her zeal for research until he could be her guide.

The park, though not extensive, was very lovely, being sequestered and well-wooded, full of nooks and dells of every picturesque shape that land could take; while outside the gates, and beyond the rambling village of Brookesmead and its adjacent lanes, cultivation ceased, and a comparatively short walk across the breezy down led to the abrupt edge of the cliff, overhanging the sea.

What remained of Mr. Venn's estate, even after his rich wife had redeemed and paid off the mortgages on many an acre, was not much. Though it had survived two sequestrations, and had in happier times returned to the elder, or Catholic, branch of the family, large portions of the property had failed to make their way back with the rest. Even of this diminished estate, almost every acre not strictly entailed had been sold by various impecunious Venns; so that as a matter of fact the old manor-house itself, the park in which it stood, and some few farms were all that remained to a family which, in the earlier days of the reign of Henry VIII., owned half the country-side.

The village of Brookesmead rambled for about half a mile towards the sea, terminating in several plaster hovels; and

towards the end of the village stood the Catholic church, built at a time when there were many more Catholics in the place than at present. There had been a time—a period of transition—after active religious penalties were either removed or had grown obsolete, when all the faithful in the neighbourhood, who had either temporarily forsaken their religion or else had practised it in secret during the long dreary days of persecution, had rallied round the old manor-house, glad to be able to emerge from their holes and corners and hold up their heads once more. For a time these resuscitated faithful had given quite a Catholic character to the population of Brookesmead; but the same decay of faith which had marked the Venns affected their poorer neighbours, with this difference that, whereas with the former family traditions had kept alive the name of the faith after its spirit had died, the poor gave up the name and reality both. Many a Protestant who had been baptized in the parish church and had been taught in its Sunday-school, had owned Catholic grandparents, though he knew it not. Now, about a dozen families represented the whole of the practising Catholic population, and even these owed their faith more to the strength of tradition than to any individual conviction. Thus, in spite of its having once borne the name of a Catholic village, no place in Great Britain stood in greater need of conversion than Brookesmead.

Unfortunately, vigorous efforts to effect this desired end were deplorably remote. Owing to the charity of a maiden relative of means, who bore the name of Venn, the mission rejoiced in a modest endowment, which had not proved to be a source of un-mixed blessing to the place. The assured stipend, combined with the almost nominal nature of the parochial work required, made this mission a very desirable post for any priest who was physically incapable of hard work; and for many years the Bishop had consigned its care to the invalids and octogenarians among his clergy, who, while able to say Mass and minister to the spiritual wants of their actual flock in all that was essential, were incapable of taking strenuous measures to arrest the principle of decay rife among the Catholic population.

The priest at present in charge of the mission, Father Duvivier, of French origin and educated in France, was a very old, silver-haired man, gentle, scholarly, and with exquisitely refined and courteous manners. The holiness of his life was reflected on his beautiful old face, of which any stranger who

chanced to meet him must of necessity carry away the memory. He performed his few parochial duties with almost scrupulous punctuality ; but he devoted his best energies to his books, which he pored over the greater part of the day with undimmed eye and unweakened brain. But this was not all. Deeply versed as he was in scholastic lore and devoted to study, he had not passed through his long life with eyes and ears shut ; nor had he closed his heart and sympathies to what was going on in the world around him. His mind and memory were a storehouse of most interesting reminiscences, which he disbursed in a delightful manner for the benefit of any who took the trouble to break through the barriers of his humble and modest reserve. He was kindness personified, and as he never turned a deaf ear to any tale of misery, whether true or false, the relief of the poor had to fight with the purchase of his beloved books for the contents of his purse, which was often reduced to a state of emptiness illustrated by the patched and shiny condition of his old cassock.

Nobody who knew old Father Duvivier could fail to love him ; and those intimate with him were well aware that, in spite of his habitual absent-mindedness, there lay within him wells of a deep and practical wisdom. To those who went to him for spiritual counsel, he gave it with a sort of far-away insight, such as we could imagine to have been possessed by the solitaries of the desert.

The old priest had now resided at Brookesmead for nearly seven years, and was well-known and generally respected by Protestants as well as Catholics. The neighbouring gentry, with a shrewd perception which triumphed over anything of the nature of prejudice, had discovered that they had in their midst a man of no common sort ; and as a consequence, had it not been for his own inveterate love of retirement, his life might have been made up of a round of entertainments. Even old Mr. Roy, with a recluse's regard for another of his kind, had been known to go out of his way to be civil to him.

There was, however, one house where he was not welcome, one board at which he had never been the invited guest—and that house was Mr. Venn's. It was his wife's proud boast that, although she had been married for nearly thirty years to a Catholic, she had never addressed one word to a priest ; and when her Protestant friends, half in amusement, half in admiration, asked her how she had succeeded in accomplishing this,

the only reply which she vouchsafed was: "One must draw the line somewhere!"

When Mr. Venn discovered how much the priest's society was cultivated and valued in the neighbourhood by men of all creeds, he had indulged in a rash and short-lived hope that Mrs. Venn might be brought to regard Father Duvivier in the same light as did her Protestant acquaintances, and thus enable her husband to extend to him that scant courtesy which on her account he had been compelled to deny to all former resident priests. Imbued by this hope, he one day feebly suggested to his wife that Father Duvivier should be invited to dinner to meet certain Protestant county magnates; thinking, poor deluded man, that the Protestant guests would tend to make the priest's presence less obnoxious to her. But Mrs. Venn was not a woman to deviate from her principles on any consideration; and her refusal was expressed in terms so haughty and incisive that her husband shrank from all further attempts.

Having already, in a half-and-half sort of way, given the invitation, Mr. Venn went to the presbytery to blunder out whatever explanations and excuses presented themselves to his mind. Father Duvivier, for all his absent-mindedness, was pretty well aware of the state of domestic affairs at Brookethorpe, and rightly interpreted what had taken place; and Mr. Venn's look of painful embarrassment filled his soft old heart with a distress even more keen than his visitor's. He felt a pity for him more profound than he could have conceived for any of the half-starved, ragged beggars who so often craved a piece of bread at his door, for he knew that the misery of these was more easily cured. If pity could have delivered Mr. Venn from his thralldom, his friends would have saved him long ago.

It would indeed have been difficult for a girl with Joan's zest for life not to have been happy in her new country home. The liberation from the conventional trammels of London was, perhaps, her greatest pleasure; and her spirits rose visibly as she wandered about the country, most frequently bending her steps towards the stretch of breezy down that lay beyond the village; the abrupt, overhanging promontory at the end of which became her favourite resort.

It never occurred to Joan, with the vagabond traditions of her childhood, to imagine that these wanderings of hers could give umbrage; nor did they to any one but her aunt, who did, as

a matter of fact and unsuspected to Joan, very much object to these independent rambles which, she declared, she would not have permitted her own carefully brought up daughters to take. That Joan should be the transgressor gave strength to these opinions, but they did not originate them. Mrs. Venn was in all things somewhat of a slave to conventionalities, and in her desire that her girls should be "well brought up," she had hampered their freedom and destroyed their individuality to an annoying extent. Thus Joan's independence, both in her views and actions, was a constant source of irritation to her aunt, though it was contrary to Mrs. Venn's self-imposed principles to do anything to check it. In her secret heart she rather rejoiced at some of the forms that her niece's independence took, because it was something tangible, which she could definitely blame, and condole with herself for not being able to remedy. Mrs. Venn knew very well that had she even hinted her disapprobation, Joan would have unhesitatingly acceded to her wishes; but the very last thing that Mrs. Venn was inclined to do was to express any disapproval likely to be effectual; for of all things in life she loved a grievance, provided it were not too real. This luxury had, however, to be sought out, for grievances did not naturally fall in her way. From earliest youth she had had everything that she could wish for, and from her nursery-days onward her will had been law to every one; and she had always wielded that power of subjugation which had only reached its perfection when she had applied it to her husband. Perhaps she found this a little monotonous, and her way of posing as a victim and nourishing a grievance was an attempt to supply by imagination an excitement which was lacking in reality.

It follows that Joan's ways at Brookethorpe were a delightful source of martyrdom, for which she was able to pity herself to her heart's content. She was well aware that her niece was doing nothing blameworthy, but the grievance of being supposed to be responsible for the conduct of a girl with whose antecedents and bringing up she had had nothing to do, took the form of a really substantial injury in her eyes, and, as such, was too precious to be destroyed by any incautious words of admonition.

She could, however, freely complain to those who had nothing to do with the matter. "I am not going to interfere, oh dear no," she said to her friend and confidante, Mrs. Conybeare, the clergyman's wife. "If I tried to check the girl in her wilfulness, I should be supposed to be unkind and prejudiced; and yet if

she gets talked about, it is I who shall be blamed. But what power have I? I am in a very difficult position—how difficult I never guessed when I undertook it nearly thirty years ago. I do my best; but it seems to me that fresh difficulties are for ever cropping up with regard to my husband's religion, such as you cannot conceive without experiencing them. Roman Catholics have such extraordinary views of right and wrong, that I sometimes find it most perplexing how to accommodate my own sense of duty with theirs."

It was a habit with Mrs. Venn to reduce all the complications of life to one of difference of religion. The process by which she arrived at her conclusions was known only to herself, but it was very effectual, and drew down on her a great deal of sympathy and condolence from friends of the calibre of Mrs. Conybeare. True, complications owing to difference of religion had arisen in Mr. and Mrs. Venn's married life, but it was not she who had borne the burden of them.

CHAPTER XI.

MUCH as Joan rejoiced at the family migration to Brookethorpe, she would have rejoiced still more if London had not, in a certain sense, followed her down there. It was neither the intention of Mrs. Venn, nor the desire of her daughters, to lead a completely rural life; on the contrary, the one object of their existence seemed to be to keep a perennial succession of guests. Mrs. Venn brought much science to bear on the subject, and succeeded admirably, for the house was rarely empty, and often full to overflowing. But whether there was society or not; whether the guests had been reduced to one or two specimens, or whether the old manor-house were strained to its utmost powers of accommodation, one friend was always there—the Venns' near neighbour, Baldur Roy.

Joan had met him once or twice in London, and had there made with him that sort of nominal acquaintance, of which the only thing that can be said is that it is the title to further acquaintance. After the first time she met him, and had exchanged a few formal words with him, both Freda and Maud besieged her to tell them her opinion of their favourite friend, and it was in vain that she declared that she had had no means whatever of forming an opinion. She was, however,

amazed in secret to discover the amount of speculation which she had bestowed on this man, and the distinct estimate she had formed of his character. His air of straightness and simplicity, the unsophisticated freshness of his manner, and the deferential courtesy towards women, which contrasted so favourably with the free and easy familiarity of many of the young fops who frequented Eaton Place, impressed her deeply and pleasantly. It was ever Joan's way to form quick conclusions as to the characters of those who interested her; and though her young and rapid judgment often proved at fault, in Baldur's case her conclusions were in the main just, and probably his tone and standard of life were as pure and chivalrous as she imagined. Could the religious element be eliminated, there was a good deal in him of mediæval chivalry, such, at least, as it is represented in modern poetry and romance.

It soon became evident that Joan would have plenty of opportunities of judging whether her opinions of Baldur Roy were correct or not, for, as a matter of fact, he spent as many hours of the day at Brookethorpe as at Cliffe, his father's place; and was there treated with almost the familiarity of a son and brother.

True to his intention of being with his mother, to relieve the monotony of her dull existence, he resolutely refused all invitations which would take him from home. But, unselfish as were his motives and actions, with him virtue did not bring its own reward; and after his years of roaming he found his life at Cliffe insufferably and exasperatingly dull. The more he devoted himself to his mother, the more he wondered how she could lead the life she did, and survive; and in commiserating her he unwittingly commiserated himself. He therefore gladly availed himself of Mrs. Venn's standing invitation to spend as many hours in the day, and as many nights in the week, under her roof as he pleased; for thus he could give himself some relaxation without abandoning the life at home which his sense of duty imposed on him. He knew very well that for his sake Mrs. Venn would have willingly extended her welcome to his mother, but none knew better than he that old Mrs. Roy would never be persuaded to leave her post at Cliffe, where, uncomplainingly and with unconscious heroism, she lived at the constant beck and call of her bear of a husband, who, with the refinement of a recluse's selfishness, would have grumbled bitterly had she been absent from her place at the silent meals,

where he apparently ignored her presence. Moreover, as she argued in reply to those who urged her to take a holiday, it might happen—as it did happen about a dozen times a year—that he would want her to write a letter or tie up a parcel for him ; and, seeing that he had all the proverbial untidiness of a genius, she could never tell at what moment he might want her assistance in the search for some lost document. This, she declared, made it quite impossible for her to accept any invitation which would take her away from home for even the fraction of a day.

Whatever it might be to her son, virtue did bring its own reward to Mrs. Roy ; for placidity grew upon her till it became as a second nature ; and the life she was called on to lead never elicited even a spark of impatience or resentment, though the mere witnessing it consumed Baldur with indignation. However, with placidity there grew up a certain vacancy of mind ; and the absence of all outer interests caused an inevitable narrowness of thought and a contented absorption in the little and tiresome affairs of her daily life, which did not tend to exalt her husband's very low opinion of the female intellect. Her dear son's return to her after four years' absence was, in spite of the joy it brought her, not unmingled with pain, for it roused in her a sense of her own deficiencies, and caused her suffering similar to that caused by the restoration of circulation in a frozen limb. Her eyes were opened, and she became sensitively aware of the dulness of her society ; for, do what she would, she could think of no subject of conversation likely to be of interest to her son.

He, it is true, showed no signs of weariness, for he would talk to her as eagerly and tenderly about her ball of crotchet-cotton, or the peculiarities of Jane the housemaid, as if they were the only subjects in life worth considering ; but Mrs. Roy's heart was larger than her mind, and she was not deceived. In her desire to supply her deficiencies she—dear, simple soul—unearthed all the old lesson-books out of which she had taught Baldur and Freda years before, and studied them with a diligence which they had never exhibited. She even set herself to learn by heart the dates of the kings of England, and the names and products of the chief towns in Europe. When, at a later period, she confessed these self-imposed tasks to Baldur, he put his arm round her and tried to say something ; but then, to her surprise, he rushed out of the room and

locked himself into his study, to choke back in solitude the tears which had rushed to his eyes ; vowing to himself that he would in the future do more than he had ever done before to prove his love for his dear little weak-minded mother.

Baldur certainly had a rare power of attracting hearts to him. Proud, worldly, domineering Mrs. Venn was really devoted to him. In earlier years he had been a staunch, true friend to Neville, and with his superior moral strength had tried to save the poor, weak, vicious youth from the courses into which he fell. Mrs. Venn, while idolizing her eldest son, and refusing to have a word said against him by any one else, freely confided her trouble and anxiety to Baldur, and gently accepted all the home-truths and unpalatable advice which the simple, straight-minded young fellow chose to give her on the subject. None knew better than she his moral superiority to Neville ; but she never resented it, and loved him for it all the more with an almost maternal love. Her poor son's final disgrace had occurred during Baldur's last absence abroad, but she knew that he was aware of everything, and found a strange repose in the knowledge, and welcomed his presence as a reminder of Neville's brighter and more hopeful days. Selfish in all besides, she could forget herself where Baldur was concerned.

It was this true love for him, and no consideration for his substantial worldly prospects, which made her, in the infatuation of her heart, interpret his affectionate, brotherly manners to Maud as meaning something more ; though her common-sense soon convinced her of her mistake. Still she could not divest herself of the hope that even if he were not in love with her daughter now, some such feeling might develop itself in the future. She chose Freda as her confidante about these castles in the air, though her second daughter was not nearly so sympathetic a recipient of such confidences as Edith. Freda, whose true, sisterly affection for Baldur might have easily at one time developed into a warmer feeling, was gifted with a fair share of common-sense, and set their real value on all his demonstrations of affection for herself and her sisters. Moreover, her powers of perception, quickened by her feelings towards Baldur, told her that if anything beyond the boredom of his life at Cliffe attracted him to Brookethorpe, it was not her sister Maud. Naturally, however, she did not venture to drop a hint of her suspicions to her mother.

Under these circumstances, the friendship between Joan and Baldur Roy was, so to speak, ready made, with only the necessity of ripening; and after a few days' acquaintance they were already on familiar terms, though any observer could have seen that his manners with her were entirely lacking in that brotherly freedom from conventionalities which characterized his intercourse with the Venns. These two young people had one quality in common, which could not fail to lead to an intimate friendship between them. Life, in all its various aspects, was a great reality to both, and friendship and conversation were a part of this reality; so that when they talked together it was they themselves who talked, and not social puppets.

The first time that Joan sat next to him at dinner during his earlier visits was on a Friday, when, as usual, her plate stood in front of her in an almost chronic state of emptiness. It could not be supposed that Mrs. Venn had any desire to starve or even mortify her husband and niece, but, as a matter of fact, week after week the bill-of-fare on Friday contained little or nothing that either of them could eat. That lady's fear of any tokens of ostentatiousness or peculiarity in the family's practice of its religion was conveniently expressed on Friday; for she was under the firm impression that to abstain was a mere provoking fad, and a mark of great extremeness which, even if it had to be put up with, should not at any rate be encouraged.

"I'm so awfully glad to see you sticking to fish," said Baldur at last, when, towards the end of dinner, he saw her helping herself to one of the rare dishes of permissible food.

"I wonder why," she replied, laughingly.

"Upon my word," said he, "I can scarcely put words to my feelings on the subject, though they date back a long way. You just ask your cousins whether I have not pitched into them dozen of times about it; and that fellow Galbraith, over there, too. Whenever I am thrown with Catholics on a Friday, I anxiously watch to see what they will do. All through dinner till now I have been speculating whether your persistent refusal of food came from principle, or was the inevitable result of our visit to the kitchen-garden this afternoon."

"I am much obliged for the interest you take in my conscience," she replied, lightly.

"But seriously," he went on, "I am, perhaps unreasonably, annoyed when I see Catholics eating meat when I think they shouldn't; and I should have been very much disappointed if

you had done it. I am glad that you are not ashamed of your convictions."

"I hope it is true that I am not," she replied; "but I do not think that abstaining on Friday proves it. I have no alternative. I do it because I must."

"Ah," he exclaimed, his bright face clouding; "that puts a different aspect on it altogether. I admire lots of things about your religion. I have read about it more than you would suppose; and of course I have come across lots of Catholics in my rambles abroad; and I don't think that when you know me better, you will find much bigotry about me—but—may I go on?"

"Please do go on. I don't mind what you say."

"Well then, I honestly confess that that 'must' sticks in my throat. What right has any one to dictate to me what I must do, what I must believe, what I may or may not read, what I may or may not eat? It is all too small and degrading!"

"But," said she, a little wondering at him; "it lies at the root of the matter."

"I know it does," he returned, still more vehemently, "and that is why, never mind how much I may like and even revere individual Catholics, and never mind what contempt I have for all the rubbish that is said about them, I feel that a great gulf is fixed between me and every good Catholic I have ever met. The better they are according to their own notions, the wider the gulf."

Joan looked pained, for Baldur spoke with strong feeling. Indeed, little as she suspected it, it was his growing and undefined attraction to herself which made him thus unusually bitter against the radical difference which separated them. Before, however, she could reduce her painful thoughts to words, he went on with more subdued vehemence:

"In this country of ours you will hear ever so much said about the idolatry of Catholics, and about their bowing down to images, and worshipping the Virgin Mary; and I am ready to get up on a tub, and proclaim people who speak thus idiots. But, Miss Loraine, if idolatry means putting man in the place of God, and hearkening to his voice instead of to God's, and worshipping God through visible signs—then you and every Catholic commit idolatry!"

"You know very well that you do not mean half of what you say," she replied, with a laugh, for the conversation was

taking too serious a turn to suit even her. "But as for this 'must' that makes you so indignant, it is all part and parcel of what makes up our lives. What is it, after all, but the very A B C of life?"

"No," he replied, "I should have thought that the A B C of life, as you call it, was individual independence and responsibility."

"So it is in a way. And yet," she continued, thoughtfully, "it seems to consist in having to be always doing perforce what we would rather not do, from the early time when our nurses used to put us on their knees, and wash and dress us in spite of our screams and protestations! We might like to live without eating, and think it degrading to have to be everlastingly stuffing our bodies to keep them alive; but we must do it or die. And we may not approve of pain and sickness, but, resist as we may, we must accept them."

"Of course," he said, with a laugh, "I am not going so far as to rebel against the laws of nature."

"Well," she replied, eagerly, "don't you see that once you admit a law and lawgiver, the 'must' becomes the A B C of life and——"

"I never said anything about lawgiver," interrupted Baldur, hastily, while he energetically crumbled the bread by the side of his plate. "That—forgive me if I say it—depends on what sort of way you believe in God."

Again Joan looked pained, as she replied in a low voice: "I think we have arrived at the real gulf now."

"Very likely," he said, with more reserve. "But don't you think we are getting on very dangerous ground? Let us talk about something else."

CHAPTER XII.

BROOKETHORPE was too far from London for Swithin to spend his Sundays there; so, when his family left town he stopped on, inhabiting his attic in Eaton Place, and leading a somewhat solitary life; though the hard manual labour to which he was unaccustomed sent him home too tired to have even the wish to amuse himself, or seek society in the evenings. This was as well, for it made it easier for him to keep a half promise which Mr. Venn, in his anxiety, had extracted from him, to keep aloof from all company or recreations which could be possibly or

remotely dangerous. However, had the promise been far more difficult to keep, Swithin would have kept it, for, at present, his new-born sense of duty almost resolved itself into a determination to stand by his father, and do nothing which could in any way distress him, or aggravate the difficulties of his life.

The poor boy was deprived of even the company of his dogs, which would have gone a long way towards making his hours of recreation cheerful. As there was no one left in London who could have looked after them during his long periods of absence, he had reluctantly sent them down to Brookethorpe under the charge of faithful little Magdalen, to whom he gave the strictest injunctions as to their diet and daily routine.

The child fulfilled her trust with the conscientiousness which characterized her whenever a sense of duty was awakened in her. She would far rather have gone without her own dinner than give the dogs theirs five minutes after the prescribed time. More than once she found herself severely taken to task by mademoiselle, and reported to her mother for disobedience, because she had taken the dogs out for their appointed walk, instead of doing some lessons which interfered with her charges' routine. She was punished, but she would have rather died than offer any explanation. Magdalen had within her the materials of martyrdom for her sense of duty, but her neglected, uncared-for childhood had developed a very crooked sense of what her duty was. Mrs. Venn avowedly did not understand the little girl. The child's reserve, which to the outward eye bore a great resemblance to sulkiness, aggravated her, and even her melancholy, sickly look irritated Mrs. Venn unreasonably. The mother was, in fact, too impetuous and too absorbed in the affairs of life to take time or trouble to understand the little weedling, who unfortunately required a good deal of understanding, and the tending of whose upward growth needed much patience and skill.

The dogs accepted Magdalen's devotion to their needs with very polite gratitude, and adopted her readily as the person responsible, for the time being, for their comforts; but they never came inside the house without forgetting her existence, and making a thorough and wistful search for their master, examining even the coal-scuttles and fire-screens, in the vain hope that he might be lurking there unawares; and the brooding child felt really hurt by this evidence that they accepted her only as an endurable and insufficient substitute.

But at last Swithin came home for a few weeks' holiday. It may be presumed that, to the dogs, reality came up to anticipation; and the faithful child met with the full reward of her services in her brother's roughly expressed appreciation of them. It was late in the evening when he arrived; and though he appeared thin and evidently tired, there was a look of energy and purpose about him which none could fail to see. He said but little to any one, and as little was said to him; and Joan was pained by the want of attention paid to him. Little Magdalen and the dogs, it is true, did their best to welcome him in their respective ways, but there the warmth of the welcome ended, for Swithin's presence—as he himself knew too well—added no element of joy to the lives of either his mother or elder sisters; and whether he were at home or a hundred miles away was a matter of complete indifference to them. As for Mr. Venn, strong and growing as was his attachment to his son, Swithin had to take his affection on faith, so powerless was his father to give utterance to the thoughts within him.

Joan, who had a vivid recollection of the jubilation consequent on her own brother's rare visits to his parents, would have gladly made an ovation to receive the boy, and render his home-coming all that it ought to be, but she knew that she had no right to do so, and that any demonstration on her part would contain a rebuke to her cousins which she was not entitled to administer. So she reserved all tokens of affection till the next day, when, immediately after breakfast, Swithin, leaving the society of his family with an almost ostentatious want of reluctance, laid hold of Joan's hand, and asked her to come for a "real good prowling about the dear old place."

Striding about with long steps, running up and down stairs at a rate with which the girl could scarcely keep pace, Swithin had in about a quarter of an hour gone all over the house, and taken a cursory view of every quaint, familiar, and loved nook. Finally, like a child who at its meals keeps its favourite morsel to the last, he went along a shut-off passage and turned the handle of the door of what used to be the chapel.

"Here is all that remains of it," he said, with the lowering look on his countenance which Joan had not seen there since his return; and indeed, as she stood by his side within the desecrated walls, she could understand her cousin's feeling of

soreness. It was a bare, square room, with very thick stone walls, a recess and a pair of broken steps showing where the altar had been, while the sockets of a canopy remained overhead. Scraps of coloured paper and gilding clung to a portion of the walls. An attempt had evidently been made to remove them, but the difficulty of the task had caused it to be discontinued, and the torn fragments added to the look of desolation of the place.

"How could she! how could she!" burst from Swithin's lips. "I can't help it, Joan, but each time I come here afresh, I feel mad. I often wonder how my father ever consented."

"Freda told me," replied his cousin, "that your mother said she would not live here at all, unless the chapel were shut up and dismantled. She seems to have had a perfect terror of the very thought of Mass being ever said in the house."

"Yes, I know," said he. "Poor old father, it was a hard predicament for him, and I ought not to blame him. My mother wanted to pull it down, and rebuild it, and make a sitting-room of it; but he would not consent to that."

"It is very sad, Swithin; but let us hope that it will some day be restored. Could your father do it if he wished?"

"As an oratory, certainly, I should think," he replied. "That would be something, at any rate. Do you know, Joan, while I was alone in London, I was wondering whether my father would listen to me, if I urged him to fit it up again as an oratory. What do you think?"

"Think it over, Swithin. It would be almost better to leave these walls as they are, than to sow discord at home."

"What a provoking philosopher you are, Jo!" answered the boy. "But, putting on one side one's own feelings, it seems such a pity archæologically—or whatever the right word is—that it should be left like this. I had picked up scraps about the history of it and the rest of the house, because I'm always ferreting about to see what bits of family history I can pick up; but last spring, before you came to England, when I was staying here alone, fishing, Father Stubbs was staying at the presbytery. You may have heard about him, or read some of his books. He is awfully learned about all old things, but especially about anything connected with the days of persecution in England. To hear him talk is like living through the time. He has it all at his fingers' end, and seems as if he were personally acquainted with the people of the time. He made me take him all over

everywhere, and show him everything ; and it was wonderful how he pieced it all together, and connected this place with things he knew about. Now, come here," Swithin continued, going to a corner, and with difficulty moving out of its place a swinging stone, the mechanism of which had become out of order with time and neglect. "Now I'll show you the cream of all, the priest's hiding-place, as they call it, and which I made you swear that you would not look at till I could show it to you myself."

"I'm so glad to see it at last," exclaimed Joan. "You can't think what difficulty I have had in keeping my promise. All the girls, and every visitor who came to the house, wanted to show it to me."

"Well now, Joan, look in there ! I won't ask you to go in, for there may be rats, and the floor may be rotten ; but put your head right in, and picture it to yourself. It is known for certain that various priests were hidden there at different times ; and it is a well-known fact—Father Stubbs proved it to me chapter and verse—that once, two were hidden there together for three or four days without a scrap of food, having all the while to keep quite still in a crouching attitude—for you see there is no room to stand upright—and fearful the whole while of making the slightest noise by coughing or fidgeting, lest the bloodhound priest-hunters should hear them and find them. That meant death, you know, not only to themselves, which perhaps they would not have minded, but also to the Venn of the time. I wish he had been caught and hung ! It would be a grand thing to have a martyr for an ancestor, wouldn't it ? This Swithin Venn—for I'm awfully glad to say that I have got his name—was a splendid fellow. He is the man who, with his wife, was kept in prison for I don't know how many years, because the priest-hunters found almost conclusive evidence that Mass had been said in the house—very likely in this chapel. If it had been quite proved, I suppose he would have been hung, and all the rest of it, which would have been very jolly."

"Was it he who suffered confiscation ?" asked Joan.

"No, that was his son, another fine fellow, as he ought to have been with such a father and mother. The property was out of the hands of the elder branch for a long time after that."

"I like to think that we have got such blood in our veins," she remarked, enthusiastically.

"It is pretty well diluted now, judging by the results," he replied, a grim expression coming over his face. "Why, just look at us—even those who have not come altogether to grief. We think ourselves uncommonly good sort of people if we get up early, and walk a mile to Mass before breakfast; and yet that old Swithin Venn was willing to risk life and liberty to have one Mass said, and hear it! Perhaps it is as well that the chapel should be shut up, for it might fall in on us some day for being so degenerate. Now, I think I have shown you all here. Come into the park, and I will show you what Father Stubbs thinks must be the remains of an old secret passage connected with the house."

It was a glorious August day when the cousins wandered about, up and down, and through the glens and dells of the park. Swithin, expanding under the influence of Joan's unaffected sympathy, related to her all his experiences of the last few weeks, with their attendant difficulties and pleasures; and his cousin was glad to find that, on the whole, the latter preponderated. One thing, however, she gathered from his confidences which disturbed her a good deal. It was clear that the company with which Swithin was thrown was not very select morally, and that some of his daily associates, learners like himself, were youths who considered enjoyment of life impossible unless accompanied by vice; and she trembled to think what Mr. Venn's feelings would be if his son told him all that he was telling her. Nevertheless, it was evident to her that there was a bright innocence about this ungainly cousin which had no affinity to vice. He mentioned things with which he had come in contact which frightened her, in spite of her ignorance of evil; but he talked about the evil almost as she herself might have talked about it, and it seemed as if not so much as a breath of the contamination through which he had passed had come near him or stirred his innocence of heart. The danger seemed to have been averted by something exterior to himself, and Joan's thoughts turned simultaneously to his father's prayers, and to the old confessor, Swithin Venn, and wondered how much he was having to do with helping his young nineteenth-century namesake.

When the boy and girl had tired themselves out with their researches, they sat down on the gnarled, exposed root of a tree, overhanging the trout stream which ran through the park, where Swithin loved to fish.

"By this time," he said, mowing the flags with his stick,

"I suppose you have had plenty of time to make proper acquaintance with old Baldur."

"Oh, yes," replied Joan, eagerly, "we have made great friends, and I am on almost the same brotherly terms with him that your sisters are."

"That's right," said her cousin. "He's an awfully jolly fellow, and a wonderful fellow too. There is nothing he cannot do. He shoots, rides, plays cricket, and all that sort of thing, better than any one I know, and yet he took a first class at Oxford, as I dare say you've heard. And the beauty of it is, that he thinks nothing of it himself. He has always been a bit of a hero of mine ever since I was a small boy. In fact, I have always set him up as a sort of model to aim at copying."

"Oh, don't say that, Swithin," Joan interrupted, hastily.

"Why?" asked Swithin, looking at her doubtfully. "Don't you think much of him after all?"

"On the contrary," she replied, "I think him quite splendid in his way, and he puts us Catholics to shame, for being all that he is with so little to help him."

"But yet," interrogated the boy, "you don't want me to set him up as a model?"

"No," replied Joan, choosing her words hesitatingly. "What I mean is, that if you can eliminate Christianity from your ideal, then choose Baldur."

"I see what you mean," returned the other, thoughtfully. "I don't think I ever looked at it quite like that. But still, Joan, even you say that he puts us to shame; and I must say it is good to see a chap like him, without a base or low view in life, always ready to give others a helping hand, and toiling for them all the more the less worthy they are of help. He is always doing what he thinks is his duty, and I verily believe that if you could turn him inside out, you wouldn't find a bad thought in him. I think I might seek further for a model and fare worse."

"I know he is all you say," said Joan, with emotion in her voice; "and it is that which makes me honour and like him as much as I do. But, tell me, why is he so good? Why does he keep his life so pure and spotless? Why does he put himself out to work for others? Why is he so kind and tender to the weak and helpless? Is there anything of God in it?"

"Well, no, I suppose not much," growled Swithin, in his deepest bass; and Joan resumed:

"He hates what is evil and impure as unworthy of him;

therefore he avoids it. He is conscious of his own strength and glories in it; therefore he is kind to those weaker. All his virtues are either in regard to the dignity of his own manhood or towards his fellow-creatures; but what is he towards God? Do you know, for I don't? No, Swithin, I would not exchange the most miserable little act of love or contrition that you could make for all his spotlessness and high natural standard."

"He did a lot to keep Neville straight," said Swithin, unwilling to give up his point.

"And did not succeed," returned Joan, quickly. "How should he? If Neville ever returns to God, it will not be by having a high standard such as Baldur's put before him. Give him the chance and the time, and I would rather face death and judgment with Neville than with Baldur Roy. When I see Baldur *grovelling*, then I will say to you: 'Take him for your model!'"

"What a funny girl you are, Jo; but I dare say you're right: you generally are. Well, I will not take him as my model, but I must tell you something about him which will, I think, interest you. I travelled down from London yesterday with Alick Conybeare, the parson's son. He talked a great deal about Baldur, who, since he has been home, has done a lot of good about the place. It appears that when he first came, he was awfully struck by the want of go about the people, and how none of the men seemed to care for anything but the public-house; which is true enough, let me tell you. Well, he has been getting up lectures in the club-room, which have bitten splendidly. And he has been stirring up the people about getting up classes in the winter. Old Conybeare swears by him, Alick says, though of course he is disappointed that he does not go to church. It is really wonderful what influence he has, and Alick says that if he stays long enough, he will convert the whole place. There is a gang of lads in the village, poaching, drinking young blackguards, who have been the despair of every one; and old Conybeare had, it appears, given up their conversion as a bad job. But Baldur has quite come round them with his lectures, and they have given up their drinking and the rest of it, and can think of nothing but emigration, and how to fit themselves for it by learning useful things."

"So that is conversion, is it?" said Joan, smiling. "But all the same, I do like him for working so hard at that sort of thing. Hark! is not that the luncheon bell?"

Reviews.

I.—UN SIÈCLE.¹

NOW that the eventful nineteenth century has left us we are busy thinking over the history of the great movements which have given it its distinctive character. There are already several books provided to assist us in this task, but it is the relation of these movements to the Catholic Church which most interests us, and this is a subject they leave out of account, or else treat with the imperfection of outside observers. The book before us, entitled *Un Siècle*, on the contrary, views the history of the past century precisely from this standpoint. It is a work of some size, extending to more than six hundred pages, and containing essays by French writers of note. Among these, of whom four are Academicians, may be mentioned M. Henri Joly, M. Eugene Tavernier, M. George Goyau, the Comte Albert de Mun, the Père Lapôtre, S.J., M. de Lapparent, M. Paul Allard, M. Duchesne, M. Brunetière, M. George Fonsegrive, and the Comte d'Haussonville. It is published by a committee under the presidency of Mgr. Péchineau, the Rector of the Institut Catholique de Paris, and has also a Preface by the Vicomte de Vogue, and a Conclusion by Cardinal Richard, entitled "Vers l'Unité." These distinguished names are a guarantee for the quality of the contributions, and it is an evidence of the great care with which they have written that they should have been inspired with the idea of offering their work as a tribute in connection with the world-wide Act of Homage to Jesus Christ—Leo XIII. himself, on their solicitation, having written the dedication which, with his signature, figures on the page immediately after the title-page. The contributions, thirty-two in number, exclusive of the Preface and Conclusion, fall into three divisions: one on the Political and Economic Movement, one on the Intellectual Movement, and

¹ *Un Siècle. Mouvement du Monde de 1800 à 1900.* Par les soins d'une Comité sous la présidence de Mgr. Péchineau. Paris: Librairie Oudin.

one on the Religious Movement of the Century. Each treats its subject independently, so that they are essays, not chapters in a continuous work. This means that there is a good deal of repetition, which, however, is not altogether a disadvantage, as it gives the opportunity of comparing and correcting the different judgments.

The office of the Preface-writer to a work like this is to indicate the leading conclusions to which the essays as a whole point. The Vicomte de Vögue finds them in the recognition of three tendencies, which have combated, and so far prevailed over, three opposite tendencies with which the century began and which were then held certain to dominate it. The beginning of the century, in France at least, was dominated by the ideal of a cosmopolitan union in Liberty, Fraternity, and Concord, and these "were the ideas which the French of 1789, when led to take up arms to propagate their new Islam, sowed in all the battlefields of the world." Yet it is the counter tendency of Nationalism which has obtained the strongest hold on men's minds, demanding that all political divisions, however venerable, should be re-arranged to suit its desires; and if of late the older ideal has begun to re-appear among the Socialists, it remains for the commencing century to see if it will prove more successful in the future than in the past. Another ideal to which the beginning of the nineteenth century was much attached was that of social equality, for the sake of which it strove to level down all previous distinctions of rank and privilege. But the only result that has followed has been to substitute another and perhaps more objectionable privileged class, one based on wealth. A third ideal of the beginning of the century was that of philosophical theories, in the confident belief in which "metaphysical concepts presided over the destruction of an old world and the creation of a new; pure reason was supreme, it held cheap realities and experiences; men demolished or rebuilt in a kind of lyrical intoxication." But by the middle of the century experience had bred distrust in these crude *a priori* theories, and the age of exact inquiry set in.

Another illusion of those who posed a century ago as the foremost spirits of the age was that the traditional religious notions were antiquated, and that the period of indefinite progress then commencing would by fully supplying their place show how superfluous they were to supply the cravings of the human heart. And yet at the end of the century it is recognized

that the religious sentiment has grown stronger instead of weaker, and the Catholic Church in spite of all it has passed through is still with us, and more firmly established in the veneration and love of millions than perhaps in any previous age. It is interesting, too, to note in the histories which these essays contain how the Church's teaching has followed the *via media* between the extremes of tendency which have been in conflict throughout the century; between those mentioned, and also between others worthy of note, as between Idealism and Empiricism, between Absolutism and Democracy, between the systems of *Laissez-faire* and of Socialism.

It would be impossible to go into details in noticing the component parts of this fine volume. It must be sufficient to name some of them. Thus M. Etienne Lamy writes on Nationalities; M. Henri Joly on Governments, and M. René Pinon on the Partitioning of the Earth—two essays which are somewhat thin, and would be none the less accurate if they were less anti-English. The Comte de Mun writes with a wonderful distinctness and power of concentration on the Social Question in the Nineteenth Century, giving expression to the ideas inculcated in the *Rerum Novarum*; and M. Goyau has a good essay on the Roman Church and the Political Currents of the Century, an essay which is largely an exposition of Leo XIII.'s Encyclicals. In the division on the Intellectual Movement, M. Tavernier's essay on *The Press* gives a useful account, of the rise and character of some of the leading French papers, though of some only; his account of English papers on the other hand, shows but slight grasp of that portion of his subject. Père Lapôte's Essay on Criticism is a sound exposition of principles, but seems rather out of place where one looked rather for a history of what had been thought and done in this field throughout the century. M. Duchesne's Essay on History is marked by his usual talent, but M. Brunetière's Essay on Literature seems to us to carry off the palm in the whole book. In the third division Père de la Broise's on Religion and Religions, and M. Fonsegrive's on the Conflicts of the Church are valuable.

2.—THE SOOTHSAYER BALAAM.¹

We gladly welcome, in this volume, an evidence that the deeper study of the inspired words of Holy Writ is being pursued not only by Catholic and Protestant scholars, but also in the "Orthodox" Greek Church, or at least in Russia. Of the erudition of the Bishop of Ostrojsk no one can doubt who will look at the bibliographical list given in the Preface to the work before us, or at the numerous and learned foot-notes which occupy so large a portion of its pages. And the general idea of the work, a monograph on a limited portion of the Sacred Text, is excellent.

The attitude of the author towards modern Biblical criticism ("carnal criticism" he somewhere calls it) is clearly indicated from the outset.

Although [says the Bishop] our mode of proceeding may disagree with the general opinion, to the effect that criticism and scepticism are the marks of a scientific commentary, and that the best result obtainable in the way of expressing an opinion is one which signifies neither yes nor no, we have tried to find a *positive solution* to the different questions by a thorough and careful examination of both Biblical and secular authorities.

It does not therefore follow that the author would feel bound to reject, or that we, because in great measure we approve his method, are bound to reject *in toto* the current hypothesis as to the structure of the Pentateuch, and as to the possibility of separating out, by a critical analysis, the documents from which it is now commonly believed to have been compiled. The episode of Balaam and Balak, as may be seen by a reference to the tables in Holzinger, is but slightly affected by the documentary hypothesis, and, like the episode of Melchisedech in Gen. xiv., stands in a manner apart, and can be studied on its own merits. At the same time it was perhaps not wise to leave out of account, as the Bishop of Ostrojsk seems to have done, Dillmann's learned work on the Hexateuch; and we should have been better pleased had he found a place in his list for the commentary of a writer belonging to a very different school, Father von Hummelauer, S.J.

¹ *The Soothsayer Balaam: or, the Transformation of a Sorcerer into a Prophet.* (Numbers xxii.—xxv.). By the Very Rev. Seraphim, Bishop of Ostrojsk. London: Rivingtons.

For the rest, the Bishop's monograph might be called a psychological and archæological study. With thorough sympathy (in the strictly etymological sense of the term) he puts himself in Balaam's place; with a wide knowledge of matters archæological he endeavours to reconstruct his surroundings; and with full recognition of the supernatural and preternatural elements given in the text, he strives, and strives not unsuccessfully, to show that such a man, so circumstanced, and under such influences from on high, would have acted just as Balaam is represented as having acted in Num. xxii.—xxv. And this, of course, is all that can be expected of an apologetic commentator. He cannot be expected to unearth long-lost positive documents, inscriptions, frescoes, contemporary records, or what not, which would prove to demonstration that such a man lived at such a time, took this or that journey, met with such and such disasters and the like. His task is adequately fulfilled if he shows that the narrative, as given in the sacred text, is in accord with what we know of the manners of the time, due allowance being made, of course, for the direct intervention of God in the human drama.

Our space will not allow us to enter into details with regard to the distinguished author's treatment of his subject. But it is so extremely important that, in apologetic treatises of whatever kind, the defenders of Christian truth should not insist upon non-essential points as though they were essential, that we think it well to call attention to one particular in which Bishop Seraphim has perhaps not made sufficient allowance for archaic methods of writing history. One need not be a profound scholar to perceive, not indeed a contradiction, but something which looks like a sort of moral inconsistency in Num. xxii. 20, as compared with the passage which immediately follows. In Num. xxii. 20, Balaam, who has consulted God a second time as to whether he should accompany Balak's messengers in order to execute that king's behests, is bidden to go with them, provided only that he will do what God shall command. After this we are surprised to read that Balaam, having set out accordingly, is stopped on the way by the Angel of God, for that "God was angry." Why, it is asked, should God be angry when Balaam was only doing what he had already received orders—or at least, permission—to do?¹ The well-known incident of the speaking

¹ Seraphim, p. 134, note and comm., ad loc.

ss then follows, and this part of the narrative ends with the very same command that had been given before, viz., that he should go with the messengers, but that he should be careful to speak only as God should direct. We are inclined to think there is something to be said for the hypothesis that we have a double narrative here, of which the first is more compendious than the second. The first gives only the resulting command, passing over the incidents which led to the command (much as St. Matthew in his Gospel omits many incidents which were afterwards supplied by St. Mark or St. Luke or both), while the second tells the story in detail, ending with the same Divine command. If, now, the history were to be written at a subsequent time by an inspired compiler (and that the inspired writers did compile, is clear, *e.g.*, from the Books of Chronicles), it would seem to be in accordance with primitive methods of writing history that he should have given both forms of the narrative as it were side by side, without undertaking so to piece them together as to make a perfectly smooth and jointless recital. We do not, of course, assert positively that this was so, but only that it may have been so; and we would point out that if it was or may have been so, then in order to maintain the historical truth of the whole passage *in the sense intended by the compiler*, it is not necessary to maintain that verse 20 is consistent with verse 22 in such a way that what is related in 22 must be thought of as having happened after what is related in 20. Bishop Seraphim has done well to show that no contradiction is necessarily involved in the text as it stands, even if it be understood as a consecutive account.¹ Balaam, while obeying the Divine command (or acting on the Divine permission) according to the letter, may have had no mind to act according to its spirit; or he may have changed his mind on the way, and so given occasion to a fresh interposition on the part of God. But the hypothesis of a double narrative at least deserved mention. Father von Hummelauer has no misgivings on the subject. He says boldly: "*Habentur igitur duæ ejusdem eventus discrepantes atque in unam confusæ descriptiones.*"² Nay, he goes even further than this, for he adds: "*Quæ duæ descriptiones simul veræ esse non possunt: oportet igitur ut una vera sit et altera falsa, una antiquior et altera recentior.*" This learned writer explains the discrepancy by the supposition that later scribes

¹ Pp. 129, seq.

² Comm. in Num. p. 273.

or editors have corrupted the original text by interpolations of their own (drawn in part from the portions of the narrative), or that a scribe has combined two recensions of the story, one genuine and the other apocryphal, *neutram ausus ut spuriam confodere*. We cannot discuss the question here, but we have quoted von Hummelauer's words by way of showing that our own suggestion, so far from being rash, would deserve rather to be called timid, by comparison with the more trenchant statements of this distinguished Catholic commentator.

If Bishop Seraphim's work should see a second edition, we trust that the proofs will be more carefully corrected, especially in the case of Hebrew words. In the book, as it stands, the pointing and even the spelling is at times bewildering in its inaccuracy. The translation, too, stands in need of revision.

3.—SONS OF THE COVENANT.¹

Mr. Samuel Gordon, like Mr. Zangwill, finds his vocation as a novelist in expounding to English readers the characteristics of Jewish, and chiefly of Anglo-Jewish, life. It is an interesting theme and an instructive one, for what is true of all the varieties of tribal life, is especially true of the Jewish variety; it can be rightly understood only in proportion as it can be viewed from within, through the eyes of a competent exponent, as well as from without. In the story before us we are made to realize—as, indeed, is the case, generally and necessarily in the stories of the writers mentioned—the strange blend of what to an *a priori* reasoner might seem incompatible, of a very pathetic idealism with the keenest sense of what is practical and business-like. Leuw and Phil Lipcott are the two children of a widow reduced almost to destitution by the early death of her husband, but full of high principle and right feeling. They live in a Spitalfields slum, in the top story of a tenement house, and the mother goes out washing. The boys are aged thirteen and twelve respectively, when the story begins. Both are clever and affectionate, anxious to help their mother and better their circumstances; but Phil is the

¹ *Sons of the Covenant. A Tale of Anglo-Jewry. By Samuel Gordon. London: Sands and Co.*

idealist, Leuw is a decided realist. In a fortnight Leuw will be free to leave school, and start life.

"Are you sorry?" asked Phil, almost timidly.

"Not exactly sorry, but sort of—and you'll just keep it to yourself, do you hear—sort of frightened like. It seems to me I'll have to do all my thinking for myself, 'stead of letting the teacher do it for me. It's enough to make one feel a bit anxious, isn't it, Phil?"

"Still most people have got to start doing their thinking some time or other. I've done so myself already," replied Phil, reassuringly.

"Get away,—I don't mean your kind of it, which is just dreaming with your eyes open. No dreaming for me, thank you. The way I'm going to do my thinking is to take hold of my brain with both hands, and worry it till I find out what the world's like, and what a fellow can get out of it, and how much he's got to give in exchange."

Phil's chance comes very soon and in a most unexpected form. The half-charitable, half-egotistic interference of a neighbour, brings a Mrs. Duveen, with her little daughter Dulcie, to visit the Lipcotts on behalf of the Jewish Board of Guardians. Mrs. Duveen, a rich and kind-hearted widow lady, had lost her only boy some years previously, and now detects his likeness in Phil, which inspires her with the desire to adopt him. The mother's heart is wrung with pain at the idea of losing him, but she is led to consent by the thought that if she refused some day he might reproach her for the lost opportunity. Accordingly, Phil is carried off to Mrs. Duveen's home, in St. John's Wood. He goes with natural reluctance, but is captivated by the prospect held out of being sent to school—for to be educated is his ambition. "I'll want you to send me to a high school," he stipulates in the letter by which he accepts the lady's offer, "as high as what Mike Aarons went to when his father won all the money in the lottery." And after his transportation to St. John's Wood he is keenly suspicious lest "the 'greement" should not be respected. The outfit for his new life had cost nearly nine sovereigns, all which he had seen Mrs. Duveen pay out; and when shortly after Uncle Bram, her brother, suggests to him that education does not pay now-a-days, and that he had better go into business, and jokingly suggests that perhaps Mrs. Duveen will not send him to school, he is aghast and declares his intention at once to return to his home. "He will run behind the 'bus down to the Bank," from which place he will be all right. "I know how it will be," he exclaims, bitterly. "First, she spends all

those sovereigns in the shop this afternoon, and now there's nothing left to pay the school money." However, he is reassured by Mrs. Duveen, and soon becomes contented and happy under the affectionate and delicate treatment he receives, and under educational advantages far exceeding his hopes, but which he knew how to profit by to the full.

Leuw's fortunes, on the other hand, are carved out for him by his own hands. By stationing himself near a railway terminus, he contrives at length to earn two shillings and three halfpence, and with this capital commences business operations for himself the very day he leaves school. He presents himself at old Christopher Donaldson's toy-shop, and producing his four sixpences and three halfpence on the counter, proposes "to do business with him in the wholesale." The two at once understand each other, and old Christopher offers to let him have some penny articles—toy-pistols, pea-shooters, and mouth-organs for three farthings each. "I'll let you have 'em at that, because I'm my own manufacturer, which the cost price of 'em is a ha'penny; that just leaves a farthing profit for each of us, don't it?" "That'll be fifty per cent. for you, and thirty-three per cent. for me," calculated Leuw, showing his promise of business talent. Having selected his stock and received on friendly loan a tray from old Christopher, he is about to set out, when the old man pulls out a horse-shoe. "Just grab hold of that for luck," he says. Leuw is half-inclined, but draws back with a sudden thought. "I had rather not," he says, looking frankly at Christopher. "I don't think our God would like it; it would almost be like worshipping idols." To which the old Scotchman replies, thumping the counter with his fist, "You'll do, my boy. By jingo, you'll do."

And Leuw does do. That first morning he plants himself near the gate of a Board School, when the children are coming out, and sells off his entire stock. In the afternoon he disposes of another supply with more difficulty, but just on that account, as he recognizes, with the gain of some profitable experience. That night on reaching home he tells his mother that henceforth he shall pay her for his board and lodging.

It will be seen that Leuw and Phil are boys of character. There is plenty of character, too, in Dulcie and her cousin Effie, who play the part of heroines. Through what vicissitudes Leuw and Phil work out successful careers for themselves, and how they are aided therein by Dulcie and Effie, the reader will

discover for himself, and be drawn towards them by the tender feeling and high principle which they display throughout. The subsidiary characters are also finely drawn, and breathe with life and reality; nor does Mr. Gordon fail to exhibit the defects as well as the excellencies of his race-fellows.

4.—THE ROSARY GUIDE.¹

Father Procter's useful little volume is the latest of a long series of English Rosary books which began to appear in pre-Reformation times, and which were not entirely suppressed even during the dark days of the penal laws. It will not be expected that our views upon the origin of this devotion should coincide entirely with Father Procter's. We have had occasion to call attention elsewhere in this number to some points of disagreement. But upon the Rosary in its devotional aspects the writer seems to us to speak forcibly and well, and his summary of ecclesiastical legislation concerning it is clear, and likely to prove helpful to the clergy who are called upon to direct confraternities and instruct the people. The book includes a selection of hymns and a certain variety of methods for the recitation of the Rosary, together with the formularies for blessing, enrolment, &c., officially sanctioned by the Dominican Order. We regret that Father Procter has not found room for the form employed for blessing rosaries in this country before the Reformation. It is an interesting memorial of the piety of our forefathers, and though probably of late date, it attests convincingly the popularity which the devotion then enjoyed. In point of literary form, Father Procter has certainly made an advance upon the older Rosary manuals current in this country. From one such booklet, printed less than a hundred and fifty years ago, we borrow, as a specimen, the following clauses, intended to be inserted in the Hail Marys while reciting "the five doleful mysteries of the painful or blood-red rose." After the words "thy womb, Jesus," our forefathers were bidden to add "painfully—agonizing in the garden," or "whipped at a post," or "crowned with thorns," or "portering the Cross," or "crucified to death." But even this is almost surpassed in inelegance by the *memoria technica*

¹ *The Rosary Guide for Priests and People.* By the Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S.T.L., Provincial of the Dominicans in England. London: Kegan Paul, 1901.

provided by a little rosary-book entitled *Jesus, Maria, Joseph*, (1663), in which we read: "The fifteen mysteries are briefly comprehended in three verses—

She's told, she visits, He's born, offered and found.
He prays, is whipped, is crowned, carries, is killed.
Rises, ascends, sends down: she dies, is crowned."

Father Procter's book, needless to say, marks a very great advance upon this style of literature. It is a work likely to meet with many appreciative admirers among the devout children of St. Dominic.

5.—THE GENEALOGIST.¹

This is a book which no lover of serious history can open without satisfaction. The numerous documents are of the first hand, the editing, printing, and indexing are excellent, and the price of the volume is wonderfully moderate. It used sometimes to be said that our heralds and antiquarians were prone to adopt unscientific methods of study, but this magazine is by itself enough to vindicate them from any such charge. The amount of conscientious scholarly work shown in many of the articles is very striking.

Turning first to those articles which will interest us most as Catholics, we notice a passage of arms between Mr. Joseph Bain and Mr. Hay Fleming about John Lesley, Bishop of Ross. Mr. Fleming, in his *History of Mary Queen of Scots*,² has attacked the Bishop in no measured terms for having consented to Mary's match with Bothwell before that event took place, and afterwards, when he wrote his history of those times, giving a false account of the affair. Mr. Bain shows³ that the signature of the Bishop is not found in the Record Office list of signatories to the so-called Aynslie bond, but that the Rosse who figures there is Lord Rosse of Halkhead. Mr. Hay Fleming replies⁴ that there is yet other evidence, which tells against Bishop Lesley, notably another copy of the Aynslie bond, quoted by Calderwood, and that Mr. Bain's negative does not outweigh his own positive proofs. In this Mr. Fleming may be right, but after all the documents upon

¹ *The Genealogist*, a Quarterly Magazine of Genealogical, Antiquarian, Topographical and Heraldic Research, vol. xvi. London: Bell and Sons; Exeter: William Pollard.

² P. 161.

³ P. 26.

⁴ P. 219.

which he relies are themselves liable to several exceptions, and are consequently insufficient to substantiate his very sweeping charges against the loyal Bishop, whom Mr. Bain is evidently right in praising and Mr. Fleming evidently wrong in belittling.

The publication of the *Charters relating to the Priory of Sempringham*, by Major E. M. Poynton, is continued. It is a great pleasure to see a valuable series like this carefully printed and indexed; for the history of these foundations can never be adequately studied until its materials are accessible as these are. To say nothing of the indirect information about early religious customs and property, which appears here and there throughout the pages, treating of pre-Reformation times, the Catholic student of history, like every other student of that art, will always have to be familiar with a publication like this, which contains such a mass of accurate information about the past of all generations irrespective of their creed.

We cannot close this volume without a feeling of regret that we Catholics cannot combine to produce something similar for ourselves. It is in vain that we expect to have popular histories of our Martyrs, our Church, our various institutions, until the essential materials for that history have been published in workable form. Our attempts at such publication have hitherto resulted in loss and discouragement. Here we have a proof that the thing can be done both efficiently and cheaply.

6.—J. D. MANSI AND THE COLLECTIONS OF THE COUNCILS.¹

The supreme excellence of Mansi's collection of the Councils has so long been received as an article of faith, which it would be an impiety to doubt, that Dom Quentin's volume is likely to create not a little surprise and to implant consternation in the hearts of the subscribers to the newly revived project of a Mansi facsimile reprint. It must be owned that Dom Quentin's testimony might at first sight seem open to suspicion. Rumour states, although the book before us contains but an obscure hint to that effect, that the Benedictines of Solesmes are themselves engaged in preparing a new critical edition of the Councils. We sincerely hope that the report is true, and we are quite

¹ *Jean Dominique Mansi et les grandes Collections Conciliaires.* Par le R. P. H. Quentin, Bénédictin de Solesmes. Paris: Leroux, 1900.

satisfied that the severe censure passed on Mansi in the volume before us is due to no ignoble wish to depreciate a rival publication, but has sprung only from an unusually careful comparison of texts and editions. After all, the one competent critic of any book is the man who does the writer's work over again, and if it be true that Dom Quentin has really been making collections with a view to a new *Concilia* he is the most likely person to form an accurate judgment as to the relative merits of Mansi and his predecessors. Besides, Dom Quentin does not content himself with assertions, he brings evidence which proves his conclusions up to the hilt. Perhaps no more astounding instance could be adduced of Mansi's unsatisfactory procedure than a document in which he has printed a large part of the Rule of St. Benedict, introducing it all unwittingly with the statement that the text has never been published before. We borrow from Dom Quentin's pages a section or two of the parallel he provides between the *textus receptus* and Mansi's edition.

ST. BENEDICT.

. . . juniores autem priores
suos *nonnos* vocent, quod in-
telligitur paterna reverentia.
(cap. 63.)

Mensis fratrum edentium
lectio deesse non debet . . .
summumque fiat silentium ad
mensam ut nullius mussitatio
vel vox, nisi solius legentis ibi
audiatur. (cap. 28.)

MANSI.

. . . juniores autem priores
suos, *non nos* vocent, quod in-
telligitur paterna reverentia.
(col. 284.)

Mensas fratrum edentium
lectio deesse non debet . . .
summumque fiat silentium ad
mensam ut nullius mussitatio
vel vox legentis ibi audiatur.
(col. 286.)

We wish we had space to quote another startling example illustrating Mansi's treatment of the canons of the English council of Reading in 1279, even where he had Wilkins' edition to consult if he chose.

To sum up, Dom Quentin launches a severe indictment against the work of Mansi, discussing in particular the claim usually made for this collection, that it is at once the most complete and most critical of all that have hitherto appeared. It is curious that the writer's careful researches lead him to award the palm among the fifteen editors whose work he passes in review, to the *Collectio Regia* edited by that eccentric genius, Father Hardouin, S.J., and treated with unjustifiable asperity

by the critics of the Gallican school. We have dealt only with the most striking feature in Dom Quentin's volume, but there are many other matters of interest contained both in the text and in the appendices. The book is one which we hope will be widely read.

7.—PASTOR'S HISTORY OF THE POPES.¹

If the many admirers of Dr. Pastor's *Geschichte der Päpste* have cause to feel disappointment that the work has so far made no progress beyond the reign of Julius II., they must perforce find consolation in the fact that the learned editor has been very far from idle, and that the later editions of the earlier volumes bear evidence of a most thorough and conscientious revision. It is not merely that Dr. Pastor has here and there corrected inaccuracies—it need hardly be said that he has nowhere had occasion to modify the broader lines of his presentment of the story—but in this edition of the third volume (German text) now before us he has made substantial additions. Although some notes have been excised, and although the appendices have been printed in smaller type, this volume exceeds its predecessor in bulk by some seventy pages. The reader will readily understand that the possession of the latest edition is almost essential to those who are much engaged in historical studies.

8.—ST. ANTONY OF PADUA.²

Mrs. Arthur Bell's *Life of St. Antony of Padua* is pieced together, as the Preface tells us, with great care from the larger biographies which have appeared of late years. It makes, therefore, no pretensions to be a critical work. One might have wished for more, but there is a fascination in the traditional story with all its marvels which the authoress tells simply and graphically. She is too specially interested in the artistic treatment of St. Antony's history by the great masters, and reproduces seven of their pictures from blocks lent by M. de Mandach's *Saint Antoine de Padoue et l'Art Italien*.

¹ *Geschichte der Päpste*, von Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Band III. Third and Fourth Edition: Herder, 1899.

² *St. Antony of Padua*. By Mrs. Arthur Bell: Sands and Co.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

WE have had *The Duchess of York's Page* and *The Queen's Page*, and now we have *The Page of James V. of Scotland*. This latter, published by Washbourne, bears no author's name, but is a translation from the French, a translation done so well that no one would suspect it to be such without the acknowledgment on the title-page. James V. was a mere child when his father was slain at Flodden and he became King of Scotland. During his minority there were fierce contests for the possession of his person between the Douglasses and the Hamiltons, and during the period chosen by the author he was practically a captive in the hands of the Earl of Angus, the head of the Douglas party. Sir Antony d'Arcy de la Bastie was a French gentleman who had come over to Scotland shortly before with the Duke of Albany, and belonged to the Hamilton party. His son, Francis, the hero of the story, is introduced into the little King's service as page, but under an assumed name to conceal his identity. Efforts are made to rescue the King, in which the page plays his loyal part. There are many adventures, such as are in keeping with the wild times, and are likely to please young readers. But all ends happily at last.

The character of the *Raccolta* is too well known for a new edition to require more than a mere announcement of its appearance. The American edition just published by Peter Cunningham, of Philadelphia, is a translation of the approved Italian of 1898, and includes therefore the new Indulgences granted since 1877, the date of Pius IX.'s corrected edition. An Appendix is added, containing prayers for Mass and Vespers for Sunday.

From the Catholic Truth Society we have received this time only one new publication, a tract on *Jesuit Obedience*, by Father Sydney Smith, S.J., which should be useful in correcting the

absurd ideas current as to the nature of Jesuit obedience. Father Smith's thesis is that Jesuit obedience is not a special kind of obedience for Jesuits only, but is merely the virtue of obedience as ordinarily understood, which is specially recommended to members of the Society by their Founder.

The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts (Longmans) is by "Abbie Farwell Browne, illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory." It is a book for children, containing legends of saints notable for their friendship with animals. Miss Cory seems to have a theory on the subject, for she writes: "It is not hard to see how gentle bodies who had no other friends should make comrades of the little folk in fur and fins and feathers. For, as St. Francis knew so well, all the creatures are our little brothers, ready to meet half-way those who will but try to understand; and this is a truth which every one to-day, even though he be no saint, is waking up to learn." Whatever may be thought of this theory, the authoress has written a charming book in a charming style, and set off by some charming illustrations in black and white. St. Bridget and the King's Wolf, St. Gerasinus and the Lion, St. Kentigern and the Robin, are specimens of the twenty lives. And of course St. Francis has a place of honour in the series.

Messrs. Burns and Oates send us a form for the diploma of aggregation to the Congregation of Children of Mary. It is designed by Miss Padbury in accordance with the artistic tastes of the day. The subject, a Madonna and Child with a score of popular Patron Saints, is pleasing, and the grouping skilful. The faces, too, are drawn with much feeling and sincerity. The anatomy of the figures, indeed, leaves something to be desired, but after all that is no uncommon fault among modern artists.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals:

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. 1901. I.

The Dating of the *Liber Sextus*. N. Nilles. The Beginnings of Lutheranism in Bohemia. A. Kröss. Albertus Magnus. E. Michael. Meritum de condigno et meritum de congruo. J. Müllendorf. The Sixth Petition of the Our Father. J. Heller. Reviews, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. 1901. I.

The Benedictine Congregation of Chezal-Benoit. *Dom U. Berlière*. A Fifteenth Century edition of the Benedictine Rule. *Dom H. Plenkens*. The Primitive Church and the Episcopate. *Dom U. Baltus*. Music of the Greek Church. *Dom H. Gaisser*. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (January, 1901.)

Christ the Redeemer. *A. Baumgartner*. Family Life as a Duty. *H. Pesch*. The Renaissance of Antiquity in China. *J. Dahlmann*. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (January 5 and 19.)

Papal Documents. Hopes and Fears for the New Century Paris and Rome after the Signing of the Concordat (August, 1801). Frequent Communion. The Church and Liberal Catholicism (an article on the Joint Pastoral Letter of the English Bishops). Sta. Maria Antiqua in the Forum. Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (January.)

The Terrestrial Paradise. *Dr. B. Poertner*. The Catholic Congress at Munich in September, 1900. *Dr. A. Kihn*. The Relations of Wages to Labour according to St. Thomas. *Dr. V. Hilgenreiner*. Reviews, &c.

LES ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (January 5 and 20.)

The Century. *J. Forbes*. The Classics in Germany. *P. Bernard*. Bossuet and his Times. *H. Chérot*. Current Literature. *H. Brémond*. The Association Laws. *H. Prélôt*. The unauthorized Congregation of the Grand Orient. *E. Abt*. Beginnings of Greek Art. *J. Brucker*.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (January.)

The Twentieth Century. Signs of the Times. *Ch. Woeste*. The Social Condition of China. *J. B. Steenackers*. Notes on Assisi. *A. Goffin*. Religious and Novelist. *E. Gilbert*. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (January.)

Discovery of the True Cross. *L. de Combes*. The latest Revelation. *F. de Curley*. Across Thessaly. *A. Rochetti*. Reviews, &c.

